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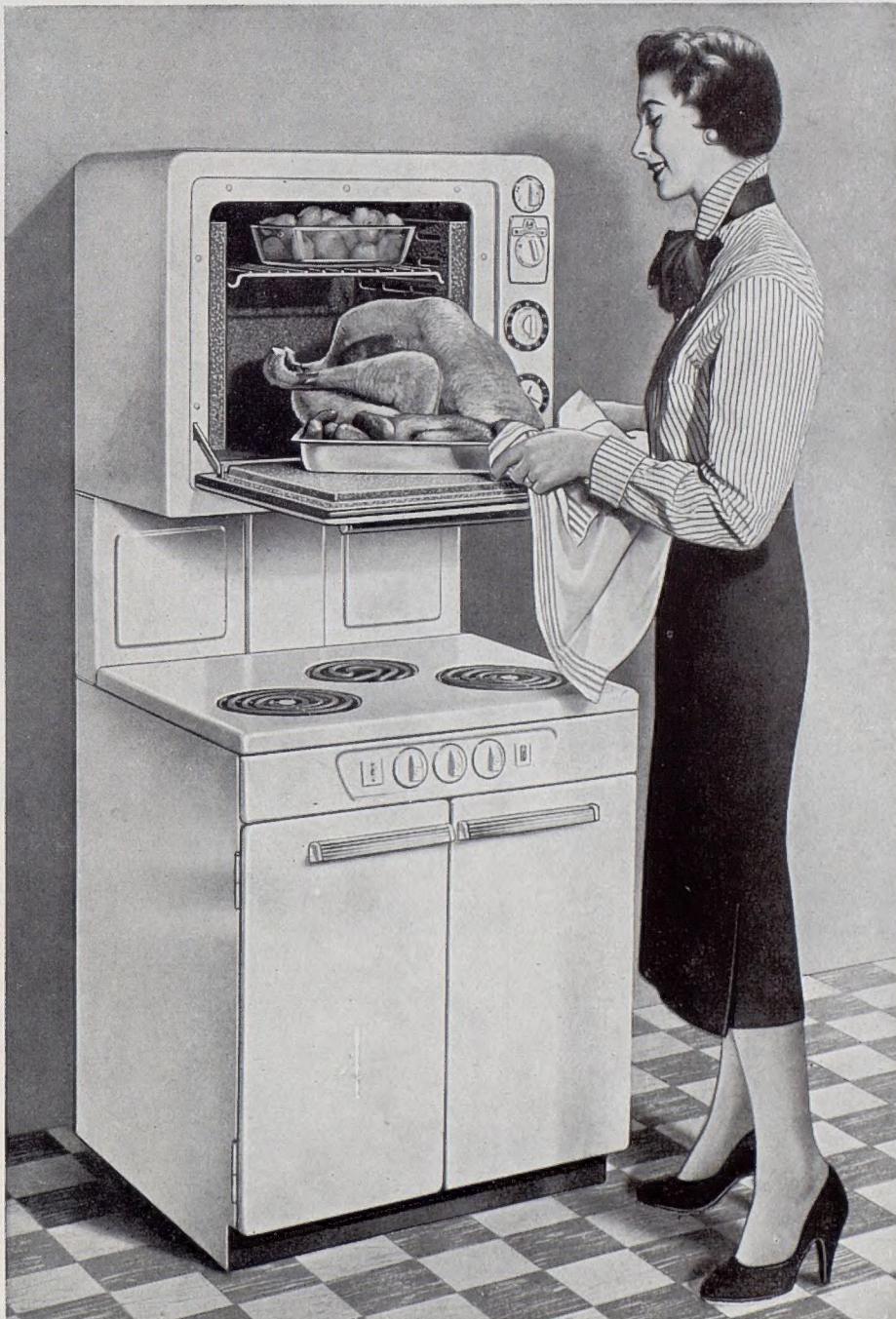
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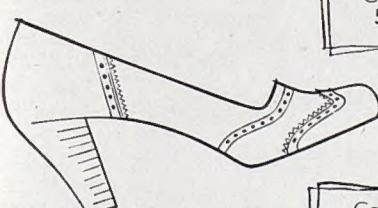
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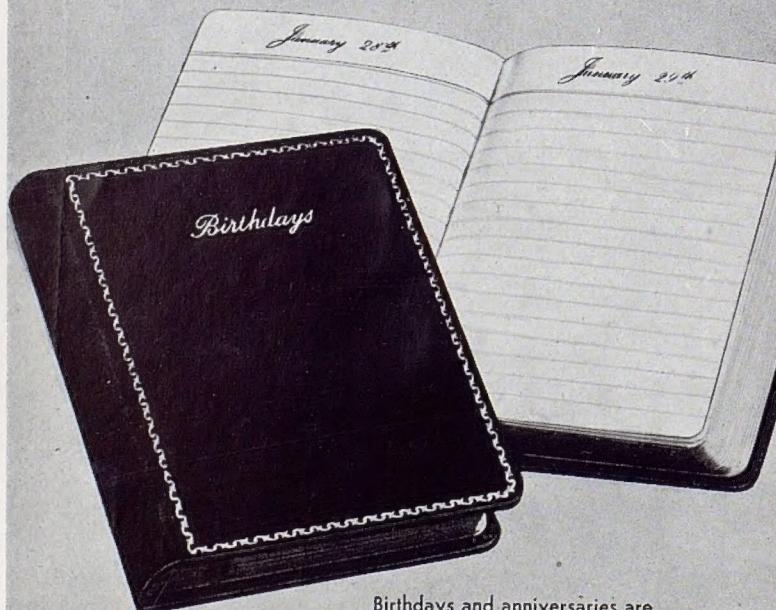
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THE HON. MRS. HUGH LAWSON-JOHNSTON, pictured in the drawing-room of her home in Chelsea Square, is the subject of our cover this week. Wife of Lord Luke's brother, she was before her marriage in 1946 Miss Audrey Warren Pearl, daughter of the late Col. Frederick and of Mrs. Warren Pearl, C.B.E., from the U.S., both great workers in the sphere of Anglo-U.S. relations. The Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnston have three small daughters, Primrose, aged seven, Juliet, five, and Marguerite, three. The photograph is by Eric Coop

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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From September 21 to September 28

Sept. 21 (Wed.) Queen Mother visits Falkland Palace, Fife.  
 Perth Hunt Meeting, Scone (and 22nd).  
 Racing at Worcester.  
 Harrow Half begins.  
 First night: *Rigoletto* (Sadler's Wells).  
 Woolwich Searchlight Tattoo (to 24th), Woolwich.  
 International Stamp Dealers' Bourse (two days), Waldorf Hotel, London.  
 Altrincham Show, Cheshire.  
 A.A.A. International Floodlit Meeting, White City.  
 Annual Bridge Congress, Portrush, Co. Antrim (to 28th).

Sept. 22 (Thurs.) Racing at Ascot Heath (three days).  
 Second Perth Ball.

Sept. 23 (Fri.) Racing at Newton Abbot (two days).  
 Forfar Ball at Kirriemuir.

Sept. 24 (Sat.) Racing at Thirsk, Hamilton Park, Hereford and Market Rasen.  
 Goose Match at Harrow School.  
 Belfast Championship Dog Show.  
 Golf: Continental v. British Professionals "Joy Cup," Royal Lytham St. Annes.

Sept. 25 (Sun.) All Britain Model Aircraft Rally, Handley Page Aerodrome, Radlett, Herts.

Sept. 26 (Mon.) Racing at Hamilton Park, Birmingham and Plumpton.  
 Tattersalls Bloodstock Sales (Yearlings), Newmarket (to 29th).  
 Golf: English Ladies' Close Championship, Moortown, Leeds (to 30th).  
 First night: *Tabitha* (Royal, Brighton).

Sept. 27 (Tues.) Newmarket First October Meeting (three days).  
 First Nights: *The Merry Wives Of Windsor* (Old Vic). *The Witch* (New Lindsey).

Sept. 28 (Wed.) Racing at Ludlow (two days) and Pontefract (two days).  
 Lady Monson's dance for her daughter, the Hon. Sandra Monson and her son the Hon. Jeremy Monson, Dorchester Hotel.  
 Admission of Sheriffs Elect, Guildhall.  
 Chelsea Autumn Antiques Fair (Chelsea Town Hall), to Oct. 8th.  
 Canine Society Show, Folkestone.  
 Golf: Home International Match, Royal Birkdale, Southport (to 30th).  
 First night: *The Punch Revue* (Duke of York's).

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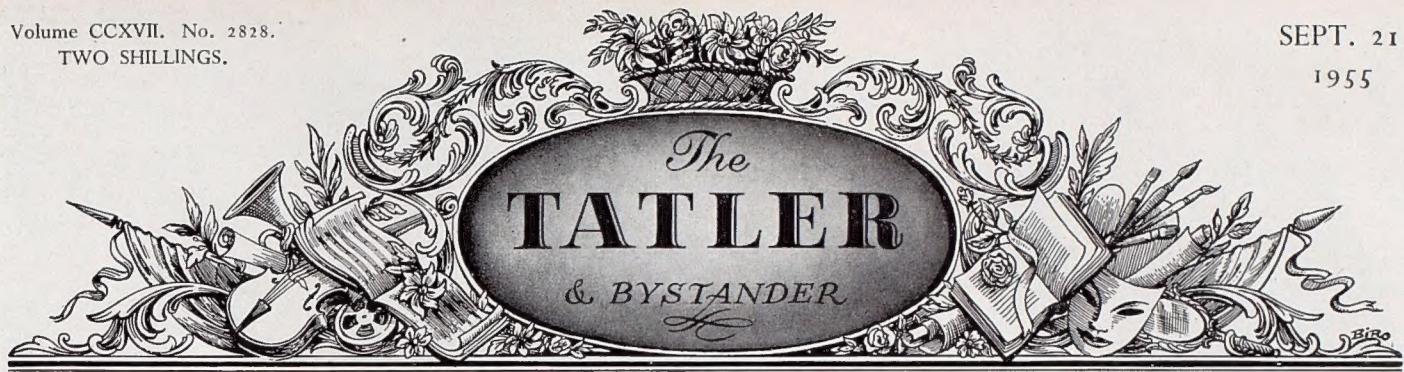
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## Wedding plans laid in medieval hall

IN the Great Hall of Ashton House, Steeple Ashton, Wilts, Miss Caryll Sandars and her fiancé, Mr. Norman Holbrow, discuss plans for their October wedding. Home of Miss Sandars's stepfather and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Herbert, it dates from the fifteenth century and was at one time a medieval clothier's hall. The chimney and fireplace were added a century later, while the house itself was restored after World War Two with Sir Harold Brakespear as architect



## TELEVISION DÉBUTANTE

MISS PENNY KNOWLES, of whom artist Molly Bishop (Lady George Scott) has made this appealing drawing, is one of the year's outstanding débütantes. She is the daughter of the late Mr. John Knowles and of Mrs. Knowles, and is to have a "spot" to herself in an Independent TV programme. Mrs. Knowles—Iris Ashley, the famous fashion writer—has several times appeared on B.B.C. television programmes

*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## THE QUEEN AT DONCASTER

FOR the first time the Queen attended the Yearling Sales at Doncaster on St. Leger Day. Her Majesty takes the keenest interest in British bloodstock (one of our most important exports today) and has a very sound knowledge of the breeding of racehorses. She arrived at the sale ring at Glasgow Paddocks soon after 10 a.m. after travelling from Balmoral overnight, looking very youthful in a long mushroom pink coat over her green-blue wild silk dress and a little red hat.

Accompanied by the Earl of Scarbrough, and attended by Miss Kathryn Stanley and Lord Plunket, she was received by Mr. Kenneth Watt and the Hon. John Coventry, the partners and auctioneers of Messrs. Tattersall who annually sell the yearlings at Doncaster, and the bloodstock which comes under the

hammer at Newmarket. In turn they sat with the Queen, who took great interest in the proceedings and asked about various yearlings being sold and the buyers.

BEFORE she left around noon to lunch with the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough at their home Sandbeck Park, the Queen went to look at the Earl of Dunraven's ten yearlings from his Fort Union Stud, in their boxes at the other side of the paddock. After racing that afternoon she watched these being sold at an average of just over 3,000 guineas, the top price being 6,700 guineas which Mr. F. Armstrong gave for a very good looking colt by Alycidon out of Sunny Morning.

The Queen arrived on the racecourse just before the second event and sat in the Royal box in the centre of the stands. This had been most artistically decorated

along the front with glorious pink and white sweet-scented lilies. The Princess Royal, patroness of the meeting, whom I had also seen racing the previous day, was with the Queen. The Royal party came down to the paddock before the big race, accompanied by the four stewards, Lord Irwin, the Earl of Scarbrough, the Earl of Feversham and Lord Grimthorpe, to see the runners.

I SAW the Queen talking to Sir Harold Wernher and Lady Zia Wernher, owner of the favourite, Meld. They had their daughters Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. David Butter, both childhood friends of Her Majesty, with them. Col. Phillips and Major Butter were also present but did not go into the paddock. Meld's trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who also trains the Queen's own horses, was another in the group.

Great cheering arose from the many thousands watching the race from Town Moor as Meld ridden by W. H. Carr passed the winning post three-quarters of a length ahead of the Hon. Dorothy Paget's Nucleus, ridden by Lester Piggott, with Mr. G. Wildenstein's Beau Prince trained in France and ridden by the French jockey S. Boulenger third. A shocked silence followed, when it became known that the jockey of the second had lodged an objection to the winner, and there was a further burst of cheering at the announcement that Meld had kept the race.

This victory made it a great day for Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who received endless congratulations—not only was Meld the fifth St. Leger winner he had trained, but her winning the St. Leger prize of over £13,000 meant that he had trained the winners of over one million pounds sterling in prize money since going to Freemasons Lodge in 1919. This is a great achievement which will be hard to equal.

Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher were also overwhelmed with congratulations and doubly delighted at the result, as they had also bred Meld. They are two of the most sincere supporters of British racing at its highest pitch, and I know that many people hope we shall soon see Sir Harold as a member of that august body the Jockey Club, to which he would be an invaluable addition.

**O**n St. Leger Day many racegoers enjoyed the hospitality of Lt.-Col. W. Hanwell (9th Lancers) and officers of the Yorkshire Dragoons at luncheon in their marquee at the back of the stands. Lt.-Col. Hanwell was standing at the entrance to greet his guests, and among those helping him were Major Francis Copham, the second-in-command, Major Basil Rhodes, Capt. Tim Stephenson, Major Colin Mackenzie-Smith, secretary of the Badsworth Hounds, and the very charming and efficient adjutant, Capt. Angus Ferguson.

Among the guests I saw the Earl of Halifax, Colonel of the Regiment, with his son-in-law and daughter the Earl and Countess of Faversham, and Lady Elizabeth Beckett, who was staying with her parents the Earl and Countess of Scarbrough. Her husband, Major the Hon. Christopher Beckett, was sadly missed at the meeting—he now commands the 9th Lancers in Germany and could not get home. Viscount and Viscountess Galway and his mother the Dowager Viscountess Galway were there, also the Hon. Celia and the Hon. Isabel Monckton, Major Sir George Brooke, 17/21st Lancers, and Capt. David Egerton also 17/21st who are both attached to the S.R.Y., and Lt.-Col. James Hanbury, M.F.H., who bought a nice yearling from the Sledmere Stud on the third day of the sales.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Simon Lycett-Green and their pretty daughter Rose (who gave a very gay barbecue party at their home at Wakefield, after the third day's racing, which was enjoyed by many friends and their house parties in the district), Lord Savile and his mother, Lady Savile, were lunching, also Col. and Mrs. Tony Cooke—he used to command the 9th Lancers and is now one of the best of our racing commentators—Col. Tony Murray-Smith, Col. Sir Henry Studdy, Chief Constable of the West Riding, and Lady Studdy, Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey and Lady Evans, Brig. Roddy Heathcoat-Amory, commanding the 8th Armoured Brigade at York, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. George Meyrick.

**P**RIVATE boxes, and the many private stands, such as the Astley, Reads and the Ladies' Stand, were very full. Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley had friends with them in their box next to the Royal box. Lady George's father, the late Hon. Rupert

Beckett, who died in April, had occupied this box for many years and everyone is delighted that his daughter is keeping it on. In the Private Stand I met Earl Cadogan, Lord Grimthorpe, the Hon. Mrs. Micklithwaite and her daughter Imogen, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Innes and her brother the Hon. David Bethell and his pretty wife, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, her daughter-in-law Countess Fitzwilliam, Lady Biddulph talking to Major Victor Jones and his sister-in-law Mrs. Percy Legard.

Also present were Mrs. Rosie Clyde and the Hon. Katharine Smith who came with Sir Richard and Lady Sykes from Sledmere, Miss Penelope Harrison and Miss Sonia Pilkington who had a party of young friends with them including Miss Jane Sheffield, Miss Mary Mount, Mr. Charles Smith-Bingham, the Marquess of Waterford, Mr. James Keith and Mr. David Ainsworth who had flown over from Ireland, while Lady Zinnia Denison and Miss Virginia Llewellyn were in another young party.

**T**HE Duke and Duchess of Devonshire had a party with them in the Ladies' Stand, as did Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews. Others watching the racing from here included Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and their pretty daughters Serena and Fiona (the latter, just off to Spain, will be among the 1957 débutantes). Also Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Lady Hardy, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Jimmy Windsor-Lewis, and Mr. Randolph Churchill, talking to Lady Margaret van Cutsem.

Watching the racing in other parts of the stands were Major Gordon Foster, a most popular Yorkshire personality, the Hon. Freddie Hennessy, Lord Reay, whose height is such an advantage on these occasions, and Major Herbert Holt who bought a nice Tantième yearling on the first day of the sales and won the Tattersall Sale Stakes with his Sayajirao filly Milady on St. Leger day.

I flew down after racing on St. Leger day in one of Morton's Air Service planes, landing at Croydon after a very easy journey of just over an hour. Quite a number of racegoers were doing the same in the two or three other planes they were running up and down that day. I was interested, while talking to one of the officials, to hear how their service from Croydon to Le Touquet has grown this year. Up to the end of August they had carried nearly 3,700 passengers on this route alone. There is sure to be a rush for seats next weekend, when a big night in Le Touquet on September 25 marks the end of the season there, which has been the gayest since before the war.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Italian Chargé d'Affaires and Donna Dieda Theodoli sent out invitations at very short notice for a dance at the Italian Embassy in honour of officers and cadets of the Italian training ship Amerigo Vespucci. This was one of the most beautifully arranged, and most enjoyable, parties I have been to for many months. Marchese and Marchesa Theodoli, who have been in London several years, are a very popular couple, also a wonderful host and hostess, so that all their friends who possibly could do so accepted their invitation, with the result that although it was a Friday night, when most people are out of London, there were over two hundred guests.

Huge vases of pale pink gladioli were arranged in all the fine reception rooms, with their magnificent tapestries and pictures on

[Continued overleaf]



THE ANGLO-IRAQI SOCIETY gave their annual dinner at Claridge's, when the president, Sir John Troutbeck, received the guests. Above, Maj.-Gen. Renton, vice-chairman of the council, with Sir Harry Sinderson Pasha, vice-president, and Sayid Jamal Rifaat



The Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, M.P., the Foreign Secretary, had a drink with Mrs. Gibson and Mr. H.S. Gibson, managing director, Iraq Petroleum Company



Mr. S. H. Dearden, an official of the Foreign Office, in conversation with Miss. Margarite Russell and H.E. Abdul Jabbar Fahmy, Mutasarrif of Baghdad



*Mrs. John Pearson Gregory and Mrs. John Bevan were with Hugh Pearson Gregory, who was a page at the wedding*

*Continuing The Social Journal*

## Diplomatic party for Italian cadets

the walls, and beautiful pieces of furniture about the house. Dancing took place to an excellent band in the ballroom and adjacent reception room on the first floor. There was a delicious cold buffet supper with many Italian delicacies arranged in the big dining-room downstairs. Donna Dieda Theodoli, who looked charming in a blue patterned silk dress with lovely diamond clips and bracelets, was quietly looking after her guests, and around midnight shepherding them down to supper.

**A**MONG them I met the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, who looked lovely in a very full-skirted white tulle dress with a peacock blue brocade bodice and pannier. Sir James Bowker, our Ambassador in Turkey, was greeting friends. He had come home to be present at the conference on Cyprus, which had been adjourned a few days previously. The Italian Naval Attaché, Rear-Admiral Antonio Monaco di Longano, and his wife Princess di Arianallo, were talking to Capt. Ugo Giudice who commands the Amerigo Vespucci. Conte de Thiene, first secretary at the Italian Embassy, was another helping to look after the guests. Other members of the Diplomatic Corps present included the German Ambassador, M. and Mme. de Bassompierre from the Belgian Embassy, Mr. and Mrs. Vahit Halefoglu, of the Turkish Embassy, and Señor Zavala from the Spanish Embassy.

There was a bevy of pretty young girls to dance with the young Italian officers and cadets, including Miss Camilla Straight, Miss Jane Sheffield in white, Miss Anna Massey in a printed dress, the Hon. Caroline Hawke, Miss Valerie Maxwell, Lady Rose Bligh, and Miss Cynthia Butterworth, daughter of the American Minister, whose young brother Blair was also at the dance.

**L**ORD and Lady Claud Hamilton were both looking very well after their holiday in Elba, and Mr. Peter Coats was telling me how much he had enjoyed a holiday with Mr. Henry Channon and a party of friends cruising on Earl Beatty's yacht in the Mediterranean visiting Capri, Ischia and Elba.

Viscount Duncannon I saw at this good



*Miss Elizabeth Cooper had a drink with Dr. Strang Maclay. The ceremony was at St. Mary's, Henley-on-Thames*

party, also Prince and Princess Weicherheim, who are among the fortunate few going to Vienna in November for the opening of the opera season, Mme. Zulficar looking well after a visit to the South of France, Cdr. Gherardelli and Lt. Grill both from the Amerigo Vespucci, and Mr. David Metcalfe and one of his twin sisters.

\* \* \*

**O**N my return from Doncaster I went down to stay with friends near Newmarket. One afternoon we motored over to the Hascombe Stud at Cheveley, where we saw some exceptionally good mares and their offspring, among which was that wonderful race filly Tessa-Gillian, a full sister to Royal Charger. She has let down to an outstandingly good-looking brood mare, and is in foal to Persian Gulf.

The grand old lady of this stud is Sun Princess, who traces back to Mumtaz Mahal, a prolific winning line. She is the dam of Royal Charger and Tessa-Gillian, and although now eighteen years old regularly produces a good foal each year. She is now in foal to Supreme Court. Her yearling colt by Prince Chevalier, the first chestnut colt she has foaled since Royal Charger, is very good looking and already shows great promise.

This is one of the studs which sells annually at the first Newmarket October Sales (this year September 26 to 29). One of the yearlings I noticed which is going up is a magnificent chestnut filly by Royal Charger out of Legende II (dam of that good stayer Mister Cube), which looks as if she is sure to win races and eventually should make an excellent foundation mare. Incidentally this filly is a full sister to My Kingdom, who just beat the Queen's horse Alexander in a photo finish at Goodwood. Owing to the fact that Royal Charger was sold by the Irish National Stud to the U.S.A. in 1953 this autumn will see the last crop of this sire's yearlings in this country.

Two other nice-looking yearling fillies I saw at the Hascombe Stud were both by Dante, who has been doing so well this season.

\* \* \*

**S**IR JOHN TROUTBECK, President of the Anglo-Iraqi Society, and Lady Troutbeck, in brown lace, received the guests at the Society's dinner, which took place at Claridge's. There were present over 130 members and their guests, mostly with an interest, past or present, in the Middle East, and thirty-four Iraqis, who all enjoyed an extremely pleasant evening.

The after dinner speeches were excellent.



*Mrs. Gamble, mother of the bridegroom, with Mr. Gilbert Gamble. Their home is at Rickmansworth*

Firstly there was an address by Sir John Troutbeck, then Sir William Houston-Boswell proposed "The Guests," to which the Iraqi Minister Plenipotentiary, H.E. Sayid Tarik Al Askari, replied. Then the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, replied with a splendid speech. He first paid tribute to Sayid Tarik Al Askari, who had spoken in perfect and beautifully chosen English, Mr. Macmillan's description being that it was erudite, witty and noble. He made the gathering laugh when he said the chief difficulty of a Foreign Secretary making a speech was that he was "forever poised between the cliché and the indiscretion!"

He was followed by Maj.-Gen. J. M. L. Renton, vice-chairman of the Society's council, who ended the evening with a charming speech on a very human yet whimsical note.

**B**ESIDES those I have already mentioned others enjoying this dinner included Mme. Askari, Lady Houston-Boswell, Sir Harry and Lady Sinderson, H.E. Raouf and Mme. Chaderci, H.E. Abdul Jabbar-Fahmy and H.E. Sayid Muzahim Maher. Also Air Marshal Sir Robert Foster, Sir Herbert and Lady Todd, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dix down from their home in Norfolk, sitting with Mr. Ronald Arnold, a member of the A.I. Society Council and his wife. They have all spent some years in Iraq.

Others there were Sayid and Mme. Khalil Ibrahim, Mr. C. Young the very active secretary of the Society, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marnham, Dr. E. F. Johnson, sitting at a table with Dr. R. Dixon Firth, a member of the Council, and a party of friends, Mr. J. Luard, who was returning to his home in the country after the dinner, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. B. Edwards, and Sayid Ahmed Al Farisi of the Iraqi Embassy, who told me he and his wife and children had been back to Baghdad for a holiday this summer.

\* \* \*

**T**HE opening night of the Azuma Kabuki dancers and musicians at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, was attended by many members of the Diplomatic Corps. The Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Nishi were present, and I saw the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, just back from a holiday in the United States, in the Royal Box with Viscount and Viscountess Waverley. Their other guests that evening were Lord and Lady Barnby, Sir Gerald Curteis, Deputy Master of Trinity House, and Lady Curteis.

The French Ambassador and Mme. Chauvel I noticed having a long talk to the Marquess



*The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson, waited to welcome 400 guests in their riverside garden*

and Marchioness of Reading in one of the intervals, while nearby the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf were conversing with Marchese and Marchesa Theodoli. The Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Malik and the Argentine Ambassador were sitting in the stalls near Maj.-Gen. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, and Lady Salisbury-Jones.

Others in the audience enjoying these clever Japanese dancers' first performance at Covent Garden—something quite new to London—included the Dowager Lady Swaythling, who told me she was having tea at the Japanese Embassy next day. She was accompanied by her grandson, the Hon. Anthony Montagu. Also present were Sir Charles and Lady Petrie, the Earl of Harewood, and Viscount and Viscountess Moore, who had their schoolboy son, the Hon. Henry Moore, with them.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH "Shop Early for Christmas" is the slogan each autumn, few of us heed it. But this year at least one organization is trying to help us do so, and at the same time help itself. This is the St. John Ambulance Brigade, which is holding a Christmas Fair very early. It is to take place in the fine showrooms of Mr. Jack Barclay, at 18 and 19 Berkeley Square, on Monday, October 10, from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.—a very important date for your diary. There will be numerous very good stalls with plenty to choose from, and Countess Mountbatten of Burma, who is President of the Fair, will open an auction sale at 5 p.m.

Countess Mountbatten has done a lot for the St. John Ambulance Brigade all over the world, and I have heard from her of some of the wonderful work the Brigade does. Few people seem to realize that members of the Brigade are all voluntary workers, who give up their spare time and often their holidays to train in first aid and nursing, and are present to give their services at many big events every day of the week throughout the year. Their magnificent work at Royal Ascot when they saved many lives after the lightning had struck by their prompt action in giving, and organizing others to give, artificial respiration at once, deserves the greatest praise.

One very small way in which readers can show their appreciation is by patronizing this Christmas Fair, on October 10, or if they cannot get there, by sending a donation towards it to Lady Braithwaite, Chairman of the Appeals Committee, at 8 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.



*A GARDEN RECEPTION was given by Mr. and Mrs. John Stephenson at their home, the Old Vicarage, Shiplake-on-Thames, after the marriage of their elder daughter, Angela, to Mr. David Gibbs. Above: the bridegroom, son of Mr. G. M. Gibbs and of Mrs. Gamble, received a kiss from bridesmaid Joanna McCowen. Looking on were Mrs. Frank Hooton, Miss Carol Shankland and Miss Elizabeth Patterson*

Swabe



*From Hertfordshire came Mrs. R. H. Law, Miss O. Booth and Miss P. W. Gamble, to offer their felicitations*



Richard Hearne and Gracie Fields who will be appearing on Associated Broadcasting's programme "Sunday Night At The London Palladium"



Sir John Barbirolli is Adviser on Music to Associated-Rediffusion. He will also conduct the Hallé Orchestra in a fortnightly symphony concert programme

## TOMORROW—THE POWER TO SWITCH

*FREDA BRUCE LOCKHART, The TATLER'S television critic, here explains what the impact of independent television will mean to viewers, and how their new power to select programmes may be used*

**D**RAMA marks the arrival of commercial television, irrespective of its ceremonial send-off by Guildhall banquet or the quality of its "end-product." Not since a greater D-Day over ten years ago has so large an enterprise been launched so thoroughly prepared, though still so uncertain of issue.

Broadcasting grew up gradually from very small beginnings at Savoy Hill. The I.T.A. invasion lands ready-made, a new arm, almost a new estate, in the nation's life. If the theatre holds a mirror up to nature, TV provides a shadow. From this week, either B.B.C. or I.T.A. television will shadow all our lives from soon after breakfast to the bedtime decreed by the Postmaster-General, with two intervals; one for the midday meal, the other for putting young children to bed (modern parents being unable, it seems, to face their young as the authority which turns off TV).

**E**LEMENTS of risk attend even the best-laid plans of Corporation or Authority. So no need to wonder at the candid admission made to me by Dilys Powell: "Nobody will be waiting with more bated breath to see what emerges on September 22 than the members of I.T.A."

For better or worse the I.T.A.'s schedules, or rather those of their first two programme contractors, Associated-Rediffusion for London weekdays and A.B.C. for London weekends, are drawn up. The pattern of viewing can be discerned at least until the third contractor, Sidney Bernstein's Granada group, opens for Manchester and the North.

The daily morning serial begins on weekdays at 10.45 a.m.; another on Saturdays at 10 a.m. "Morning Magazine" which follows appears inspired by the general knowledge that housewives, too, like music while they work.

Housework while they look sounds more precarious. Their morning "hosts" are Stephen Black and Kenneth MacLeod.

A more rigid time-table enables viewers to know more precisely what to expect: "Write to Winn" (Godfrey) every other Thursday, Beverley Nichols and Kaye Webb (Mrs. Ronald Searle) taking month about on Mondays with a "Personal Journal," Sir John Barbirolli and the Hallé Orchestra every other Monday.

Their symphony concert of "famous classics familiar to everybody" threatens some monotony, even alternated with "Your Kind of Music." On Tuesdays "Downbeat" offers yet another kind of music.

**W**EDNESDAY evenings may be relatively serious with "Foreign Press Club" or "The Wide Wide World" taking turns with "Points of View," a discussion panel on "social, economic or spiritual subjects of topical interest."

Such emphasis on news and news-people is not surprising considering that the power behind Associated-Rediffusion is that of the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News*. A daunting thought about I.T.A.'s own Independent Television News is that both Editor Aidan Crawley and his Parliamentary Correspondent, Christopher Hollis, are ex-M.P.s who have apparently renounced the substance of Parliament for the shadow-world of TV. I hope Mr. Crawley's presence in the editorial backroom will be as effective as it was on the screen in "View-finder."

Inevitably most I.T.A. employees have gained their experience with the B.B.C. Leslie Mitchell will be on the screen every evening at ten with his "Visitor of the Day" Among other familiar faces which will hardly have faded from B.B.C. screens, Frank Owen will alternate his "Personal Call" on celebrities at home with "Round the World with Orson Welles," a title which should give ample scope even to this outsize personality. Harry Secombe, whose feat in making goonery visual was one of the B.B.C.'s latest comedy successes, opens on the first competitive Saturday a series

under the former B.B.C. producer Bill Lyon-Shaw.

One drastic difference will be the tendency to eliminate "live" TV drama in favour of film under generic labels such as "Four Star Theatre" (Mondays), "International Theatre" (alternate Tuesdays), "London Playhouse" (Thursdays), "TV Playhouse" (Sundays). Even the conspicuous opening attraction in this field, Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*, starring Margaret Leighton and Laurence Harvey, although presented on Tuesday by John Clements, is a film directed by Robert Hamer, one of our most stylish directors. In addition to so-called drama will unwind a non-stop roll of series and serials, British and American, which give the impression of being cut up and sold by the foot.

**T**HERE is Richard Greene as Robin Hood, Marius Goring in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *My Hero*, with Robert Cummings, *Dragnet*, with Jack Webb and *I Love Lucy*, with Lucille Ball. The specimen I saw of this last, American TV's most popular comedy for five years, proved disappointingly primitive. And so to light entertainment where the B.B.C. gave televised variety a bad name. Living it down should not present an insuperable problem to Prince Littler and Val Parnell of A.B.C. Indeed Sunday evening's "Palladium Show" with Tommy Trinder as resident host opens with Gracie Fields and Guy Mitchell topping the bill, followed by Johnnie Ray the next week.

Out of the rest, the quizzes with prizes and fortnightly melodrama, the fairly familiar mixtures of fashion and cooking, pets and sport, popular science and conjuring, stands one bright prospect of lively new entertainment. This is "Sunday Afternoon," produced and directed by John Irwin, the firebrand Irishman who recently aired his grievance against the besetting sins of the B.B.C. in print under the title *My Time is My Own*. Now that forty minutes of "Sunday Afternoon" is all his own, he is keenly conscious that if he does not make

good use of it he has only himself to blame.

He has assembled an intriguing eleven headed by Dame Edith Sitwell, who will read poetry of her choice. Penny Knowles will see a débutante's dreams come true, Tom Driberg reports on current talk, Ludovic Kennedy builds up an ingenious mosaic profile of a well-known person, Mervyn Levy (an old B.B.C. hand) shows works of art which caused outcry in their day, Jill Craigie a filmed report on a woman's job. The others are Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Chin Yü in her fascinating hand mime and Leslie Welch of the fabulous sporting memory. Each item is to last only a few moments and with the visitors and panel, Irwin hopes to put some forty people into each programme.

**B**ESIDES the programme's official theme that "nothing interests people so much as other people," Irwin holds some firmly fixed principles: he abhors the classification of audiences into high-, low- and middle-brow; he doesn't believe television is an art but a craft in which he takes passionate pride, and he doesn't aim to edify anybody. He doesn't expect anybody to like all of "Sunday Afternoon" but hopes everybody will like something, which was his design for "Kaleidoscope," one of his B.B.C. television successes.

Another was "In the News." Although the name and the game remain at Lime Grove, the original team of rebels—Sir Robert Boothby, W.J. Brown, Michael Foot and A.J.P. Taylor—have gone with Irwin. He will present them earlier on Sunday afternoons in "Free Speech."

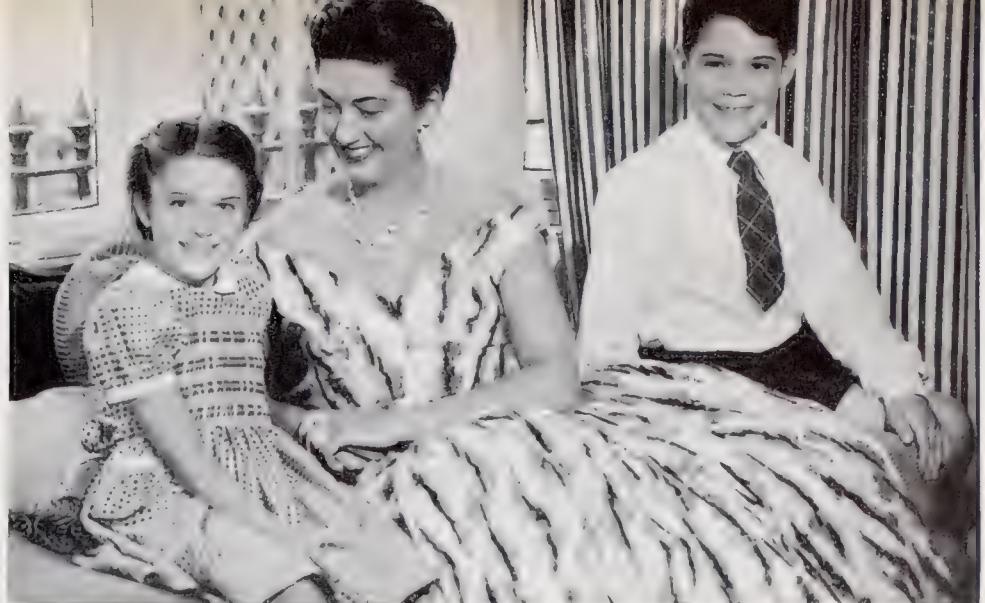
**S**o British commercial TV is upon us, the I.T.A. has landed. But nobody can tell how the campaigns will go. Rivalry is joined between the B.B.C. and I.T.A. There is also endless possibility of tussle between I.T.A. and its programme contractors, between both and their advertisers.

John Irwin is probably right when he reckons that the B.B.C. has eighteen months' start before their rivals catch up. He may be equally right in reckoning with the possibility that in time sheer weight of financial pressure may turn commercial into sponsored TV and the B.B.C. into commercial.

To begin with, "commercials" will be carefully rationed and as innocuous as those in cinema or theatre intervals. Direct sponsoring is confined to such magazine programmes as the shopping guides conducted by Elizabeth Allan or Joy Shelton. But nobody can tell how the delicate balances worked out for the I.T.A. will stand the strain.

Obviously people like Sir Kenneth Clark and Dilys Powell would like to give the sort of programmes—entertaining, gay, stylish—most of us would like to see. But the TV Act has made the Independent Television Authority a body, if not of sheep, of gentle shepherds put in charge of wolves, and everybody will understand that they must begin cautiously.

**W**HAT the I.T.A. and its components justly pride themselves on having given viewers is "the power to switch." As they hope more and more transmitters will come into action, so they hope to extend the power to choose between more programmes. The power to choose is clearly fundamental. Even the Pope, speaking on films and television, lately said much might depend on a just balance between "the technique of diffusion and the capacity for personal reaction of citizens." Perhaps in some enlightened future, viewers may even learn to exercise the power to switch off. George Jessel is quoted as saying he did not want to go home to the United States because there was no one to talk to; everybody was looking at television. It can happen here.



Miss Jeanne Heal (Mrs. Philip Bennett), at home with her children Christopher and Louise, starts a new TV programme with the B.B.C. this week. It is to be called "Meet Jeanne Heal"



The Granville Theatre of Varieties founded in 1898 and now adapted by Associated-Rediffusion as a television studio



Kenneth MacLeod and Stephen Black, engaged by Associated-Rediffusion to act as hosts for "Morning Magazine" on alternate weeks



"YOU WOULDN'T DARE . . . You wouldn't dare . . . You wouldn't dare . . ."

# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**

**I**AN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, 11th Duke of Argyll and 13th baronet, is a tall, ruddy man with a straight back and a rangy walk. No; he does not walk, he strides.

He is, among many other things, Hereditary Master of Her Majesty's Household in Scotland and Admiral of the Western Isles.

He is also a passionate man. His passion is to find a Spanish galleon, wrecked and blown up off Tobermory on the island of Mull, close to his house, the castle of Inveraray.

The galleon is supposed to have been the main payship of the Spanish Armada, and buried in the twenty-five feet deep silt of the bay, somewhere off Tobermory, there is a magnificent collection of doubloons and pieces of eight.

The Duke will find them, if he explodes himself.

I went to stay with him at his invitation and found him preoccupied by his problem. It has been bothering him since he was a child, for it was his great-uncle who set him alight with the idea.

He thought about it constantly when he was a prisoner of war of the Germans for five years, and since he has been a free man again he has used every device of science and ingenuity to achieve his aim.

**I**n front of his castle there is a bronze green cannon, about eight feet long, cast by Benvenuto Cellini, which was dredged up from the bay. It has the initials B.C. around the touch hole and it does not look as though it had been in the water for five minutes.

This is proof that the doubloons will be found in equally good condition.

There was great hope earlier this summer they had been found. Originally

the Admiralty had given their help and had pin-pointed the spot where the wreck of the galleon would be found. But they were wrong.

**C**ANNON balls and pieces of wood from the wreck were brought up by divers, but no treasure. It was at this point that the truth occurred to everybody, that if the ship had been split by an explosion, which is historically proved, bits of her might be lying in different parts of the bay. Nobody knows what a Spanish galleon looked like, although it is guessed that the poop, or after-part, was much higher and more substantial than an English man-of-war's.

It is the poop they are looking for now.

When I arrived at Inveraray I found that all modern scientific devices of detection had been for the moment abandoned. An ancient means is in use.

## REGRET

*This was a lovely summer and I might  
Much oftener have left my tasks undone,  
Muffled the telephone, escaped my friends  
And thought of nothing, lying in the sun.*

*Leaves whisper round me, bringing to an  
end  
The honeymoon of this most fickle clime,  
And as I bring out blankets, I lament  
The time I wasted never wasting time!*

—LORNA WOOD

• • •

A water diviner, Mr. Stanley Robert Shepherd of Exeter, has been called in. This puzzled me, for I did not know that tracing water had anything to do with finding gold.

Mr. Shepherd put me right about this straight away.

**H**E explained that the hazel stick which is supposed to draw you to underground water has very little to do with the business. It is no more than a conductor to alert the human body.

"I think that between seventy and eighty per cent of people have this power, if they would learn to use it. I have taught my wife. She can find water, although she cannot find the *bulk* of water I can."

"But what about gold?" I asked.

"If a woman lost a wedding ring in the grounds of this castle, I know I could find it. All I have to do is to hold in my hand a piece of the same metal. That will guide me to it," said Mr. Shepherd.

He borrows wrist watches and rings and rarely fails. The one thing that puzzles him is that nine carat gold is difficult to detect.

I saw the charts that he had made. They lay well to the east of the previous plans for dredging. There were nine points in the bay where the steel rod, which broke in his hands, had made him shake. That is now where the divers are searching.

The silt is softer at this point and so it may be much easier to reach the gold.

**T**HE Duke of Argyll believes in Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Shepherd believes in the Duke of Argyll, and there is no reason why they should not marry their beliefs, since one has an old tradition to explore and the other an old science to exploit.

Mr. Shepherd, who is a professional man and no magician, is sure that he has found the treasure and the Duke, who is in his different way professional, too, trusts him. "Nine points to find. It should take them five days to do it in," he said as he stared at the map.

I had no doubt then that his intention was to solve a job his great-uncle had set him on to, and the clue can be found in the arms he bears:

"Quarterly: first and fourth gyronny of eight or and sable: Campbell, second and sails furled, flags and pennants flying gules and oars in action sable . . ." it goes.

His motto is "Forget Not." He certainly has not forgotten the ancient galley and I hope he will find it soon.



**NORMAN COLLINS** will, as chairman of the A.B.C. board, have immense influence on the trend of Independent Television, as his organization will be responsible for the weekend programmes for London. Mr. Collins is not only an inspired judge of popular taste, both as radio and television organizer and innovator, and as author, but he is also a sworn enemy of mediocrity in the world of public entertainment, a combination of such rarity that he is now one of the biggest names in backstage Britain. Aged forty-eight, he is married, with three children, and writes from eleven-thirty to one-thirty over every midnight. When he can, he indulges a passion for travel, with a book of poetry firmly bestowed in his pocket.



## QUEEN SAW MELD WIN ST. LEGER

**I**N the presence of Her Majesty, Lady Zia Wernher's Meld, W. H. Carr up, passed the post to win the St. Leger from Nucleus, with Beau Prince taking third place and Daemon fourth. Winner also of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, Meld thus completed a hat trick and also made Lady Zia the first lady owner to win in the history of the race

## At the Races

### MAN-EATING PONIES

**T**HE right title of these notes ought to be "Ponies Eating Man." The correspondent who recently wrote about polo in Lagos was, I now discover, a lady, Mrs. Davison, wife of the local commandant, so I gather. I have just had a further letter from her telling me more about polo in those parts, she being in charge of the club's ponies, of which there are fifty-two, and a peculiar lot they seem to be. It is not, I gather, unusual for these animals to come off the field with bits of the players and other ponies in their mouths. That must add considerably to the general hilarity and enjoyment!

However they are not all like that and some of them take to the game quite readily. There is one star performer, so I am told, named, not inappropriately, "Hell Devil." He has already removed one of his owner's fingers and it seems lucky that it was nothing worse. It might easily have been his nose.

**D**ESPITE all this they seem to have plenty of fun. The temperature, so I am told, never goes up much above ninety degrees and this for the Equator seems to be very reasonable. I think I had now better let the lady speak for herself. Here is an extract:

"The Club's No. 1 fighting pony does not wait for them to come to him, but goes straight for them. He has had female hormones, which apparently are having an extraordinary effect. He makes the most peculiar noises, bellowing

loudly if he considers he is being made to gallop too fast.

"There are nearly always incidents happening on the field. On one occasion a pony when galloping behind another, managed to seize hold of the Financial Secretary's shoulder, just below the shoulder blade, and hung on for an appreciable time, while the Financial Secretary roared with pain and rage....

"These ponies have a way of rearing very suddenly, and it is only too often that people slip over backwards quite ungracefully. If a pony gets loose on the field, no one attempts to catch him, but all the players stand at bay with their polo sticks and let the horse boys catch him."

It seems quite a nice place in which to go and play that ancient and very exciting game.

**N**o one could complain of the lack of what is familiarly called "The Delightful Uncertainty" when a reference is made to the Turf, and where this year's Leger was concerned no one knew right up to the word "go" what animals would eventually survive. A difficult time indeed,

especially for the poor trainer. Let's run over them. First of all we knew that, if he ran, nothing would beat Phil Drake, or see his heels for the dust. Then, after a period of painful uncertainty, he dropped out because his fair owner preferred French francs to English sovereigns.

Next we were told that Acropolis could not miss it, and that his inferior performance in the Derby was all wrong and his running in the King George V and Queen Mary Stakes a far better indication, because he was not right on Derby day! Then Meld, who lasted a bit longer in favouritism than the rest! Then we were told that she "had her limitations." What horse or human being has not?

**T**HEN there was a hurroosh from Ireland and Panaslipper was going to lambast all the rest of them, until he changed ownership! Daemon—another from Ireland—was going to play the cat and banjo with the lot of them! Then Acropolis came back, and "went well" in a mixed gallop in which, of course, no one, except the trainer, knew the weights. Even our trusty friend "old Joe" was chary of throwing his tongue! What a Cardinal Wiseman he was!

And in the end Meld won it. The objection was purely fantastic. There was no question of a cross. There could not be, and Lester Piggott, the jockey on Nucleus, paid the penalty of his foolishness. By how much more Meld could have won is in her jockey's decision, and his is the best evidence.

It only remains to congratulate Lady Zia Wernher and Captain Boyd-Rochfort, who has now topped the million pound mark. As an old friend of his family I am particularly delighted. I knew little Maudie Ellis and others very well.



—SABRETACHE



Col. S. Lycett-Green and his daughter Miss Rose Lycett-Green were trying to select a winner for the big race

## YORKS DRAGOONS WERE HOSTS AT THE ST. LEGER

WHEN the St. Leger Stakes were run over the Town Moor at Doncaster, a large crowd was present to watch an exciting programme. Before and after racing, officers of the Queen's Own Yorkshire Dragoons welcomed friends for refreshments and conversation

Below : Leaving the Q.O.Y.D.'s tent were Lord Grimthorpe, a steward of the meeting, and Brig. B. Peyton



In the Members' Enclosure were Major W. E. B. Dowling, Mrs. J. Balding and Capt. E. O. Crosfield. Jennifer describes the meeting on pp. 548/9

Below : Mr. Michael Wright, Miss Rosemary Lloyd, Mr. Timothy Stephenson and Miss Barbara Lloyd

Below : Lt.-Col. James Innes accompanied his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Innes, sister of Lord Westbury



Three younger racegoers, Mrs. T. Wallis, Mrs. C. Brudenell Bruce and Miss T. Joel, daughter of the owner



Capt. Angus Ferguson, Adjutant of the Queen's Own, the Hon. Mrs. D. Fetherstonhaugh and Col. J. A. Cooke



Mrs. J. A. Cooke and Mrs. G. Meyrick were others who had been invited to have cocktails in the tent



Twin sisters who had been umpiring during the tournament, the Misses Gwen and Rosemary Evans watching a singles match



Mrs. E. R. Avory, Miss Sonia Avory, who will be a debutante in 1956, and Captain Sir Leonard Vavasour, a referee



John Varian, winner of this year's doubles tournament at Frinton, sat with Charles Swallow and Marcus Blake of Hertfordshire



O. S. Prenn (Middlesex) takes a forehand drive during a singles match. Son of the former German Davis Cup player, he was the outstanding player competing.

## JUNIOR TENNIS STARS' TROPHIES RECEIVED FROM PRIME MINISTER

SIR ANTHONY EDEN presented the prizes when the British Junior Lawn Tennis Championships were concluded at the All-England Club, Wimbledon. Big crowds applauded winners and losers alike, in particular O. S. Prenn, who took the boys' singles title and the mixed doubles, and Miss A. Haydon, who retained the girls' title and was also winner with Miss Armstrong, the runner-up, of the girls' doubles



Miss H. Moorley and Miss M. B. Lygon, of Middlesex, on their way from the dressing-room



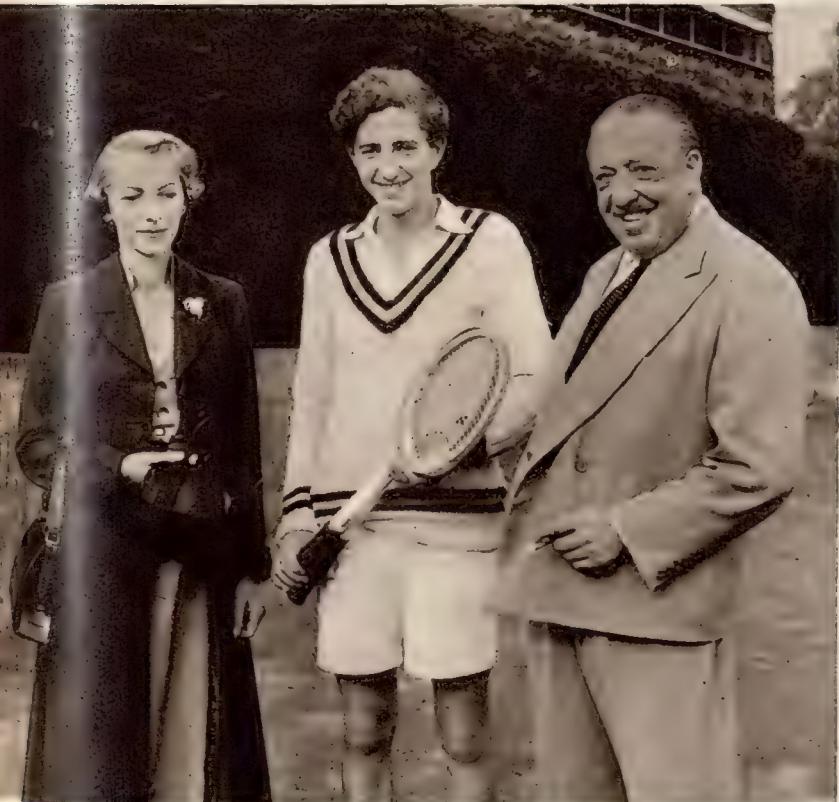
Waiting for their doubles match were Miss Jill Howe and Miss Sarah Hildreth, of Berkhamsted



Miss M. B. Lygon and Miss Josephine Winham studied the notice-board for details of the day's results



From Essex came Miss Anne Wickes and Miss Christine Truman, her county's junior champion



Mrs. Coni and Mr. E. K. Coni had come to watch their son, L. Coni, take part in the doubles



Miss Jane Stapylton, the Dorset junior champion (centre), Miss Penny Binny and Mr. Peter Sawyer

Desmond O'Neill

At the Theatre

## AN OFF-KEY TRIUMPH

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

THE Old Vic begins its new season with a production of *Julius Cæsar* which manages to get most of the characters slightly wrong without doing much damage to the play. At least Mr. Michael Benthall has the courage of his misinterpretations. He takes vigorous action to make them more or less consistent with each other.

Mr. Paul Rogers, for instance, is allowed to present a Brutus whose four-square beard somehow proclaims a dull integrity but conceals nothing very much in the way of potential leadership. He is high-mindedly aware of his hereditary responsibilities to Rome; he is much perplexed but there is scarcely a hint that the mind divided against itself is a mind with a cutting edge.

True, Mr. Rogers speaks all the lines that suggest what a formidable intellectual Cassius was setting out to convert into a bloody revolutionary, but the lines as he speaks them do not make their proper effect. Brutus appears little more than a

well-meaning man wholly unfitted to cope with the situation which he has guilelessly allowed to develop.

Mr. Benthall, as though aware that this interpretation simply will not pass the tests the part imposes, encourages Mr. Richard Wordsworth to work out a Cassius who is more of a politician than a soldier.

HE sets out fomenting trouble less in the manner of a blunt, impatient fighter prepared to back his incitements with his life, than in that of a wily political priest insinuating doubts in minds simpler than his own and watching the doubts harden into sinister resolution with a rather malign satisfaction. This misinterpretation of Cassius hardly carries conviction, yet it certainly suits the Brutus of Mr. Rogers.

It is natural in the circumstances that Mark Antony should become the leading figure in the tragedy. Fortunately, Mr. John Neville rises splendidly to the opportunity. He shows the gamesome youth, happy enough in the favour of Cæsar,



PORTIA (Wendy Hiller) laments that her husband, Brutus, could have betrayed the friend to whom he owed so much, and who gave him his whole confidence

growing up in a day, as it were, into the man fighting for his life with all the weapons he can command and swiftly graduating, after his oratorical triumph over Cæsar's body, into the ruthless leader of men who can harshly patronise the manifestly weak Lepidus but is careful to keep a narrow watch on the young Cæsar he suspects to be made of tougher stuff.

Mr. Neville handles the funeral oration with good judgment and proceeds to compose a portrait which is at once flamboyant and plausible of Antony's rapid growth from playboy into one of the world's rulers.

But even into this slightly unorthodox version of the play Miss Wendy Hiller's Portia cannot be made to fit. Portia, after all, is an essentially small part. It has everything to lose and nothing to gain from being tortuously elaborated.

THE production may be praised on two important counts. It creates the sense of a deadly conspiracy taking stealthy shape about the person of the blandly self-confident Cæsar, and when the conspiracy has reached its consummation it finely imagines the assassins, hardly able to believe that great Cæsar is really dead, standing appalled until Cinna breaks the silence with the whispered word "Liberty!"

Even here, however, there are minor reservations to be made. The effect of the conspiracy creeping round and about Cæsar is only made at a great expense of darkness which, as usual, makes the actors hard to hear. And it is not perhaps a good idea that Brutus should administer the *coup de grâce* to Cæsar. "Et tu, Brute!" is more moving if the dying Cæsar staggers towards his old friend and sees the bloody sword in his hand. Yet, for all the reservations, it is a production that makes its way with us.



MARK ANTONY (John Neville), Brutus (Paul Rogers) and Cassius (Richard Wordsworth) stand triumphant over the body of Cæsar (Gerald Cross), their vile plot completed with success



WITCHERY IN  
PICCADILLY

MISS HERMIONE GINGOLD, now in London for a spell (the word she insists on) after her Broadway triumph, has rapidly become the most successful—she claims, the only—practising lady witch in the metropolis. As such, she has charmed radio listeners solid, rendering them immovably fixed to their chairs in the highest tradition of the Black Art. The latest move of this accomplished enchantress is to the Café de Paris, where she was due to start on Monday, and, as the picture shows, she can for such an occasion turn herself into an extraordinary resemblance to a princess of legend

Armstrong Jones

**London Limelight**

**The higher lunacy**

THERE is such a spate of pretentious stuff from the Continent now on view that our own playwrights might be suspected occasionally of pulling our legs and labelling otherwise unsaleable work "translated from the French." If they did so they could be forgiven, for it would assuredly earn them ecstasies of praise from a well-defined section of the critical world. Whether, as Shaw once remarked, you sell the seats if you sell the public, is another question.

*The Count of Clérambard*, at the Garrick, is a case in point. This is the (translated) story of a wicked Count, Clive Brook, whose whole life is changed by a vision of "little St. Francis," here represented by well-set-up actor, Michael Partridge.

Having wrecked his family by sheer villainy, the Count proceeds henceforth to wreck their hopes by high lunacy. He persuades his nitwit son out of a most suitable commercial marriage and pledges him to a prostitute, thereby condemning one and all to a course of starvation. The play ends with a vision (off stage) to which only the audience and the local priest are blind. Mai Zetterling, the prostitute, Alec McCowen, the degenerate son, and Helen Haye, the grandmother, gave performances that saved short sections of an evening, which otherwise had much of the magnetism of a

lecture on philately delivered by a Finnish racing tipster through a hole in a wet umbrella.

"OXFORD EIGHT," at the New Watergate, is one of those bright post-graduate revues designed to show the talents of four young gentlemen just down and seeking to make their way in the world. Four ladies, non-col., assist them. The show ought to yield dividends in the future, and for present patrons it provides a pleasantly swift evening. "Rag Mags," with a witty lyric from Charles Robinson, should find a home with a more ambitious show.

At one point the whole company flayed their Cambridge rivals with relish: a local joke, but uproariously well done.

The skill and care with which this semi-amateur show was put over contrasted remarkably with the first performance of *Mr. Kettle and Mrs. Moon*. Here on the prompt side, an opening cut in the scenery allowed half the audience a continuous view of the approaching actors, the dressers, the "prop-men" and the fire extinguisher, a piece of carelessness hardly credible in the West End.



Clive Brook sets out to redeem Mai Zetterling in *The Count of Clérambard*

—Youngman Carter



ROMANCE BY THE ADRIATIC. The spell cast by Venice over an American visitor is the subject of David Lean's newest production, *Summer Madness*. Here the married Renato (Rossano Brazzi) and spinster Jane (Katherine Hepburn) call at a lace shop in the island of Buvano, where they have gone for a few days' stolen happiness. The film, made in Eastmancolor, is an adaptation of Arthur Laurent's Broadway success, *The Time of the Cuckoo*

## At the Pictures

### SALUTE TO MISS LOCKWOOD

THERE are two very good reasons why you should make a point of seeing *Cast a Dark Shadow*—even if you did see the play upon which it is based, *Murder Mistaken*. The first is the directorial work of Mr. Lewis Gilbert, who is following fast in the footsteps of the macabre master, Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, and makes pretty play with light and shadow and the oddly angled camera-shot to heighten the film's dramatic effect. The second is Miss Margaret Lockwood's performance as Mrs. Jeffries, ex-barmaid widow of a wealthy publican. If this does not bring you smartly to the salute then I'll have done with you, for you don't know an actress when you see one.

Mr. Dirk Bogarde, as a seedy young adventurer with a wonderfully false smile, is married to a rich and cultured elderly woman, Miss Mona Washbourne, who teaches him good manners and to sound his aspirations. In return he teaches her to take whisky in her tea and brandy in her coffee—which keeps her happy and fuddled.

LEARNING from her lawyer, Mr. Robert Flemyn—rigid with disapproval of Mr. Bogarde—that Miss Washbourne is about to make a new will, the young husband is greatly disturbed. Imagining, for some obscure reason, that his wife intends to leave her fortune to somebody else, Mr. Bogarde reluctantly decides she'll have to go. He murders her in a manner that might be described as humane, and circumstances which seem to justify a verdict of "Accidental death."

Had he let Miss Washbourne make her will he would have been a rich man, but he finds himself left with her house and nothing more—her money passing automatically, in trust, to her sister in Jamaica. Deciding philosophically that there are other fish in the sea, Mr. Bogarde borrows some bait and goes to Brighton to catch one.

He hooks the publican's widow, Miss Lockwood—a bold-eyed, brassy, shrewd and vulgar creature, whose one reference to her recent bereavement is "The old

man carved up very nicely." She is too wily to be landed right away, and not until she has visited his house and erroneously gathered from his old servant, Miss Kathleen Harrison, that Mr. Bogarde is as rich as she, does she consent to marry him.

BUT she soon discovers he's a penniless fortune-hunter. She is willing to make the best of a bad bargain, but puts her foot down resoundingly when Mr. Bogarde begins to show a marked interest in Miss Kay Walsh, a moneyed visitor to the district.

Miss Lockwood issues her orders: Mr. Bogarde, Miss Harrison and she will lock up the house and go to live in a bungalow by the sea until Miss Walsh has



Friendly relations are established between Dirk Bogarde and Margaret Lockwood in *Cast a Dark Shadow*

left. Mr. Bogarde resignedly agrees—but at the last moment contrives to stay behind. That he is plotting another neat murder is easily guessed. The richly melodramatic climax, however, comes as a surprise—and shall be left as such.

The acting throughout is admirable, but it's Miss Lockwood who steals the picture. Her ex-barmaid, with her cocky quips, coarse chuckle, raucous laugh, uninhibited gestures and businesslike way with a bottle, is so unmistakably the real thing that one waits at the end of the film for her to cry, in the sharp voice of authority, "Time, gentlemen, please!"

Mr. Norman Wisdom has, I am assured, a following of millions. You will look for me among them in vain. If he would stick to the job of being an all-fall-down Cockney comic, I think I might find him bearable—but he will insist on singing sloppy songs, wearing an expression which I can only call soppy, and assuming a dreadfully refined accent: these little numbers are as nauseating to me as a mixture of lard and molasses, and as they totally destroy the character he strives elsewhere to build up, can only do more harm than good as far as everybody, including Mr. Wisdom, is concerned.

His latest picture, *Man of the Moment*, is, I concede, a cut above the previous two. It shows more invention—possibly because Mr. Vernon Sylvaine, expert farcewright, collaborated on the screen-play with the director, Mr. John Paddy Carstairs.

A HUMBLE under-filing clerk, acting tea-boy at Whitehall, Mr. Wisdom is surprisingly ordered to accompany a group of diplomats on a delegation to a Geneva conference, at which the fate of a Pacific island is to be decided.

By means too complicated to explain, Mr. Wisdom wins the complete confidence of the islanders, and in doing so becomes a person of supreme importance to America, Britain and Brodnia. Dodging bombs, gunmen, knife-throwers and a beautiful blonde spy (Miss Belinda Lee), Mr. Wisdom ends up with a knighthood and Miss Lana Morris—while the Pacific island solves its own problem by sinking into the sea.

Mr. Jerry Desmonde, Mr. Wisdom's superbly suave "straight man," has little to do but say "Pshaw!"—which is a fairly accurate comment on the proceedings but not enough. I venture to suggest to Mr. Carstairs that, as discretion is the better part of valour, Desmonde is the better part of Wisdom, and should be given greater prominence in the next picture.

—Elspeth Grant



## The Gramophone

### A CALL AT No. 90

TO many the name Keith Prowse means theatre tickets, and this firm's new premises at No. 90, New Bond Street, is unique in that it houses what must be the core of this side of the business, which is the largest of its kind in the world.

As a firm started in 1780 by Robert W. Keith, it was not until 1848 that Keith and his partner, William Prowse, went into the theatre ticket agency business, and then as a favour to wealthy City merchants who visited their premises in Cheapside to obtain boxes at Covent Garden for the Royal Italian Opera. In 1876 this side of the Keith Prowse partnership was revolutionised with the perfecting of Bell's telephone, and the name Keith Prowse is to be found in the second edition of the Telephone Directory in 1880.

Recently at No. 90 the largest private telephone exchange in the country has been installed, and it is on these premises that the chairman and managing director, Peter Cadbury, with Mr. W. F. Boulter, who has seen 3000 "first nights" during his thirty-seven years' service with the firm, jointly decide to what extent any new show shall be given the support of the "Library," or theatre-ticket agency system.

BUT No. 90 also has a remarkable gramophone record department where, under the expert eye of Mr. Jack Rearden, you may select and listen to any number of recordings from the 15,000 records always in stock.

Here at Keith Prowse is the most modern method of demonstrating records in the world, and it is one which is an obvious boon to both seller and buyer, for the chances of going home with a scratched or badly-worn record are nil.

Mr. Rearden and his staff have exceptional knowledge of their job, and it is worth remembering that, in addition to the thousands of records of current releases available, there is a very representative stock of over 2,000 international gramophone records, many of which will not be found elsewhere in this country.

HERE is a list of some of the more popular recordings now in demand and all available for home consumption from Keith Prowse.

"The Music of Julian Slade" introduces songs from "The Duenna" and other musical shows by this talented young composer (Oriole MG. 20005). There are twelve songs for the sophisticated on Eartha Kitt's latest Long Play, "Down to Eartha" (H.M.V. DLP. 1087). "Noël and Gertie" revives scenes and songs from some of Noël Coward's shows, with himself, Gertrude Lawrence and Yvonne Printemps (H.M.V. CLP. 1050).

The Max Jaffa Quintet play "Violin Boogie" and "Violin Samba" (Columbia DB. 3646). Joan Regan sings "The Shepherd Boy" and "The Rose and the Flame" (Decca F. 10598),

—Robert Tredinnick



ON AN ALPINE LEDGE, with the mist coming down, the lone climber bleakly sums up his position. He is Spencer Tracy, who stars in the forthcoming film, *The Mountain*, based on Henri Troyat's prizewinning novel of the same name. The picture was made on location in the French Alps, and Spencer Tracy, who this year celebrates his 25th anniversary in moving pictures, took lessons in mountaineering technique from famous guides



Mrs. Whitelaw, Miss Sally Whitelaw and Major G. S. L. Whitelaw were waiting in the hall at Knockando House to welcome their guests



Miss Ann Ross-Miller listened with interest to Cdr. A. T. Darley, R.N.



Miss Candis Hitzig and Mr. John Macleod of MacLeod from Dunvegan



Miss Clare Monch, Mr. Bamber Gascoigne, Miss Georgiana Clive-Ponsonby-Fane, Mr. Alan Henderson and Miss Antonia McMullen



Miss Kirsteen Mackessack and Mr. P. Campbell Fraser were taking pictures



Major-General R. K. Millar sat out with Mrs. W. J. McHaffie and Mrs. R. K. Millar



Mrs. Kenneth Mackessack, Lord Cawdor, Mrs. H. Pelham-Burn and Col. Mackessack

## HIGHLAND BALL WAS GIVEN FOR A SCOTTISH DEBUTANTE

**R**EELS were included in the programme and the kilt was much to the fore when Major and Mrs. Graham Stuart Lockhart Whitelaw gave a coming-out ball for their daughter Sally at their fine home, Knockando House, Knockando, Moray. An evening eagerly awaited by the 300 guests, the occasion proved the greatest success with dancing in a marquee in the garden continuing until well into the early hours of the morning



Mrs. Andrews, Brig. George Andrews, Mrs. Houldsworth and Brig. Henry Houldsworth, who is the Lord Lieutenant of Morayshire

Below: Miss Ann Wilmot and Mr. John Impey took time off from dancing to read The TATLER



Van Hallan

Mrs. W. A. Whitelaw, Mrs. Alexander Laing and Lady and Lord Leven and Melville in the champagne bar



Standing By . . .

## MEMO IN MARBLE

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**I**F, as a Roman savant has suggested, the nude Esquiline Venus in the Capitoline Museum is actually a statue of Cleopatra, carved from life during her stay in Rome as Julius Caesar's No. 1 sweetie ("We're just great friends . . ."), you forthright men of affairs and top executives will be asking, justifiably, where this gets you.

It gets you, as we hope and trust, into closer contact with the Facts of Life by reminding you of the fate of Caesar, a tycoon who could (like you) fall for a straight nose, a piquant little pan, and a shapely torso, only (again like you) to be given the razz in due course by their saucy owner, in this case fresh from the arms of Antony.

By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth  
If thou with Caesar paragon again  
My man of men!

Her friend Myra Fauncethorpe said practically—may we remind you?—the same thing when Blake Transom with his steely eyes strode into her life, replacing (1) Sir Hector Strangeways and (2) Tony di Risotto. This she repeated *seriatim* when Transom strode out of her life and Raoul de Fichemoy-Lapaix moved in, succeeded in turn by Eric ("Scatters") Carrington-Hake, Lord Balham, Otis B. Zeizler, Nicky Popopotakis, the Hon. Fred Parsley, the Rajah of Bhong, J. H. ("Beau") Smith, and a tall dumb Swede whose name she never caught. However, as Transom kept striding back into Myra's life as well, he got used to this line of talk, and a few hard smacks with a hairbrush ultimately cured the girl of it, whereas you strong men suffer fearful agony and carry on like billy-ho, by all accounts. Odd.

### Picaresque

**B**EING possibly the only living connoisseur of the picaresque, barring Mr. Ivor Brown, who has read *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, by Queen Victoria, from cover to cover, we can reassure a critic boy vaguely surmising that it is a "healthy" book. He is correct.

His uncertainty was probably due to the fact that anything published with that alluring title nowadays would be more than likely to begin: "After kicking Blondie in the snoot and knocking Tiger Baby cold with a bottle of hooch I put a couple more slugs into Dangerous Dan M'Grew for luck and passed out, feeling kind of embarrassed." But this was not Her Majesty's style. Scenery and stags come into her book, also the Prince Consort and Good John Brown; but raw "naturalism" for its own sake didn't appeal to her. Her effects are quietly cumulative, like Henry James's; in fact, as we keep telling eager rich women, it's a book which creeps up on you stealthily, like a wounded tiger.

Incidentally it inspired Landseer's portrait of a great Victorian Prime Minister, commonly known as "The Monarch of the Glen." Why Landseer painted out the top hat at the last moment is quite a story, involving the good name of Lincoln (Abraham) and Bennett (Arnold), but we can't go into that now.

### Rain

**F**ARMERS leaping for joy at a break in a long dry summer will normally be grousing savagely about sodden crops a week or two later, and it may interest you City slickers to know how we soothe the

BRIGGS . . . by Graham



Meigh.

angry hind down our way; namely with poetry recited by Women's Institute volunteers.

In the intervals of constructing lampshades and bloodfeuds our local W.I. enjoys weekly recitals by Miss Tweet, a prime favourite of everybody's (and ours) being that dainty American poem beginning:

It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining violets . . .

This rarely fails with farmers at work in a month-old deluge, especially when murmured to them by Mrs. Mangles' Rosie, our local Miss Agriculture 1955. In Rosie's case it also resolves a question often asked by weekend visitors. How does a girl tell the difference, in the open field, between a farmer and a gentleman-farmer, both equally muddy, shabby, and "difficult"? The answer being that the former almost invariably raises his hat with uncouth courtesy when she finally gets away.

Just a breath of fresh country air in your foetid lives, slickers, and before passing on, one other interesting point. If there'd been a Rosie Mangles (with "violets" line) in Maugham's *Rain*, poor Rev. Davidson mightn't have had to cut his throat; in which case there'd have been no play, unless he cut Rosie's. Next week's Fresh Air talk (Third) will be entitled "Crop-Rotation, or Lady Audley's Secret."

### Lines

**T**o an Eggbound Hen, after Contemplating the Televised Features of an Ace Philosopher.

Your brooding face, your agony of thought,  
Recall the pain of Britain's Thinker-Chief;  
Don't let it hurt you, hen, more than it ought—  
Warm castor-oil (one spoonful) brings relief.



*Lt. Brian Cridland, Essex Regiment Depot, with Miss Penelope Barrow*



*Miss Jill Smeed was partnered by Lt. D. P. M. Doyle, 4th Essex*



*Mr. G. Pearson, 1st Bn. Essex Regt. and his fiancée Miss Sarah Spragg*

## REGIMENTAL BALL IN ESSEX

THE Great Hall of Brentwood School, Essex, became a ballroom for the night when officers of the 4th Bn. The Essex Regiment, a Territorial unit, gave an Autumn Ball. Some 200 guests were present, viewing with interest the drums and Regimental silver of the Battalion



*Mrs. E. T. Lummis, Major E. T. Lummis, Mrs. G. Morgan, Capt. G. Morgan, Capt. Malcolm Smythe and Mrs. M. MacCarthy*



*Mrs. Spratt, Major Greville Spratt, H.A.C., Miss Marjorie Halliburton together with Lt. D. Slade, H.A.C., met for a drink and a chat*



*Lt.-Col. N. St. L. Moore, Commanding Officer, described the silver to Miss Beatrice Smallwood, Mrs. Pearson, Mayoress of Ilford, Ald. F. T. Pearson, the Mayor, and Mrs. Moore*

*Desmond O'Neill*



THE WIT AND SPECTACLE of eighty years is conjured up in *The Folies Bergère* (Methuen; 12s. 6d.) by the Folies' present director, M. Paul Derval. The illustrations include, above, a poster of the early 1900's; below, Mistinguett; and, at bottom, the inimitable Josephine Baker



## Priscilla in Paris

# THE MIRACLE

## MAKER



How nice it would be to see a tall, neat, red London motor-bus making its stately way down the Champs Elysées! This certainly is wishful thinking, but it might happen!

The City Fathers have realised, somewhat tardily, that the new, umpteen-wheeled juggernauts that are being used in Paris please not the multitude. Not, of course, that the City Fathers worry overmuch about pleasing others than themselves. The juggernauts, being almost twice as long as the ancient *autobus*, however, add considerably to the vexed question of *la circulation*, and this is uncomfortable for those C.F.s who are owner-drivers. Something, therefore, **MUST BE DONE!** It is suggested that Paris might try out the various methods of "public transportation" used in other countries.

A LOUD cry has gone up for *les omnibus Londoniens avec imperial*. "Imperial" in this case meaning the "upper deck," which is rather a nice way of putting it in a Republican country. Paris has kept an admiring souvenir of the time when, a few seasons ago, if I remember rightly, a fleet of London buses came over for some kind of an inter-municipal jamboree.

I have also heard that this sudden urge to "do something" is due to the fact that the automatically-controlled doors of the juggernauts are somewhat swift in action. One of the C.F.s got caught by the tail of his coat as he was getting out and his municipal dignity suffered!

ON my way up to Paris for the film première of *Nana*, inspired by Zola's novel about a glamour girl of his times, I made a *détour* in order to see something that, I had been told, was miraculous. I found it terrifying!

I have an elderly acquaintance on the Island who suffers from rheumatism. For years I have seen him hobbling about with the aid of sticks. The last time I came across him he was hopping about like a youngster. "How come?" I queried. He told me, binding me to secrecy . . . so far as names go.

On the outskirts of a little, lost village, not far from a mainland town, lives an old man. He is well over eighty, unkempt and taciturn of aspect and bearing, but "he makes miracles," vowed my old acquaintance. "Look at me!" I had already looked and marvelled. How it came about I am not quite sure, but I found myself pledged to take the old chap's wife, who suffers from asthma, to see the miracle-maker who "cures" asthma also. Dressed in her best, black satin corsage and her neat Vendean coiffe she left the Island for the first time in her life!

I drove Elegant Elizabeth to the town where a certain garage runs cars daily to the wizard's haunt, the address of

which is a secret. Half-an-hour in a bone-shaker over dusty, twisting by-roads brought us to a ramshackle cottage, with broken shutters and door hanging on one hinge. Two dozen people were waiting under a scorching sun in a treeless, trampled garden. Peasants, town folk, a Negro grey with fear, old and young, even children.

A woman in earth-soiled work-clothes was separating the crowd into two groups, a sort of game of "oranges and lemons," but under the headings: Asthma and Rheumatism. She was also collecting dues: 1,500 francs for the driver who brought us, 200 for the "treatment." When it was discovered that I merely accompanied a friend I was hustled aside.

WHILE I waited I spoke with several people. Some had been treated a couple of months earlier; they were loud in their praises and had come back for more. The "more" was to be conclusive. Newcomers looked hopeful but nervous.

Suddenly the woman called for me. "My friend" had fainted. I passed through the room where the miracle-maker operated. He was using a hypodermic syringe fit for an elephant, and I had time to see him jab the same needle into two different patients! The second victim demurred, but the old man growled that *his medicine was so strong that it sterilised itself* [sic]. Feeling rather ill, I went into the next room, where "my friend" and two other patients were regaining their senses; they were stretched out on some ragged blankets spread on an earthen floor.

THE old lady was the first to scramble to her feet as I approached; she was in such a hurry to get away that she positively sprinted for the car that was starting back to the town. Gripping my hand tightly she sat, silently, with closed eyes, for a few minutes. I was somewhat out of breath, but she was breathing easily. Suddenly she opened her eyes and beamed at me. "I could not have run like that this morning," she said. "It is a miracle!" I drove her back to the coast and watched her trot blithely up the steep gangway of the boat that would take her home . . .

Here my story ends. A true story that has no moral and I draw no conclusions!

CHRISTIAN-JAQUE'S *Nana* may not be Zola's *Nana*, but it is a C-J film at its best, starring Martine Carol and Charles Boyer, whom we so rarely see nowadays. Martine is lovelier than ever, but she no longer needs to rely on her beauty alone to enchant us; she has learned to act. This also is a miracle!

### *Les voix du silence*

• From a recent thriller: "Shut up!" he shouted in a whisper!"

Major C. H. Ormerod, C.B.E., former Army golf champion, with Mr. John Knittel, the author, and Mr. William P. Schweizer, from New Jersey, at Samaden



Mr. T. H. Douglas (right), captain of the Oxford team, with his Swiss partner, Mr. C. G. Preitner



Two Oxford University players, Mr. M. E. Kitchin (left) and Mr. R. T. Gardiner Hill, with Mlle. Evelyne St. Sauveur, daughter of Vicomtesse St. Sauveur



The Cambridge captain, Mr. D. M. Marsh, who was the eventual winner of the Engadine championship, with Miss Olga Deterding

## GOLF IN SWITZERLAND

THE late summer has proved ideal for golf in many parts of Switzerland, and among the events to which visitors have flocked have been the Swiss Open Championship at Crans-sur-Sierre, and the Golf Week at Samaden, near St. Moritz. Winner of the championship was F. van Donck, of Belgium



Alain St. Sauveur, his mother, the Vicomtesse, Bernard Hunt, who was the winner of the Coupe Provins, together with Mrs. J. Saunders

R. H. Schloss



THE GREAT ARTISTS of ballet are presented, with their techniques, in a way all young people can understand in *The Children's Picture Book of Ballet*, by Felicity Gray (Phoenix House; 6s. 6d.). There are nearly fifty plates, including (left) Margot Fonteyn with Robert Helpmann in *Swan Lake*, and (right) Alicia Markova in *Les Sylphides*



## Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

# THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING

**N**IGEL BALCHIN is one of the most dependable of our novelists. This may sound an unexciting tribute to mete out to one who is, also, brilliant. What I mean is, that he never lets the reader down—I don't think I've ever heard a new Balchin book referred to, sadly, as "disappointing." **THE FALL OF THE SPARROW** (Collins; 12s. 6d.) demands, however, more than negative praise—it is not only as good as one might expect, it is considerably better. Mr. Balchin not merely retains his level: this time, he has risen to a peak. His subject is one of the problems of our day—the nominally grown-up "problem child."

Little Jason Pellew (he never grew tall) is first met when everything has crashed in on him. He is for it; in fact, he is in the dock—bouncing cheques, somebody's car made off with, disposal of other people's property, misuse of other people's credit, masquerading as a Major Somebody-Else, and so on....

**A**s the judge points out, he has had every advantage. "The son of a distinguished soldier.... Given a first-class education.... The honour to hold His Majesty's commission.... Good friends have helped you...." True, true, true. Two of the good friends sit there in court. It is one who, looking backward, tells the story. Jason's final *débâcle* is, in fact, the Prologue.

Henry Payne, the narrator, is Jason's senior by some few years. The two first met when, and because, their fathers were country neighbours. Next, by chance, they are at the same public school; after that, both at Cambridge. Pre-war London, the war years, then post-war London follow: the two keep in touch, though there are gaps. Payne knows as much about Jason, for better or worse, as does probably any living creature. The egregious, earnest Laidlaw (a Cambridge friend) sees all through an optimistic mist.

Affection, concern and exasperation are aroused wherever Jason goes. And one sees why. Incorrigible, he also is deeply touching; outrageous, he is disarmingly naive.

**M**r. BALCHIN's triumph in this story is that he makes Jason so over-poweringly real, so living, that one cannot believe he is not in the room with one. His physical mannerisms, his odd turns and starts of mind, his unexpected taciturnities, his engaging absurdness all make this a young man one knows too well. Whatever Jason is, he is not a "type"—he continues to get the reader under the skin because he is, above all, an individual. His troubles are ours.

Is this a case of predestination—that is (in spite of all the judge said) *had* Jason really not a chance, from the start? His appalling father, General Pellew, may seem to be slightly over-drawn: if he is, other operative characters are not. The stuffy, well-to-do godmother, and the fierce, intolerant girl-friend, Leah, both are utterly convincing. Inevitably, *The Fall of the Sparrow* is a somewhat heart-breaking novel: indeed, it haunts me. All the same, so great is its fascination that it may well top the fiction lists.

★ ★

**T**O WHOM SHE WILL (George Allen and Unwin; 15s.) is a novel set in present-day New Delhi. The Indian authoress, R. Prawer Jhabvala, has a faultless instinct for social comedy—her gifts are her own, yet she does in ways resemble our Mrs. Angela Thirkell in her flair for detail and power to make a scene live. In her smiling irony she is from time to time also not very unlike Jane Austen. Here's a love-story, lightly though truly told, and with its background packed with domestic humour.

The young pair whose uncertain fortunes we follow are Amrita and Hari—she a

gently-bred, charming girl, he a good-looking young man of more humble origin. Amrita's family are Westernised—well-to-do, cultivated, fastidious and exclusive. Her grandfather is a distinguished lawyer; her aunts divide themselves between good works and the best society—her mother, a shade more feckless, takes in one quite impeccable paying guest. Our heroine, who has been to college, is so far emancipated as to be allowed to work—though not, be it understood, too hard, and not every day. She is a radio announcer. While thus employed, she has encountered the ineligible Hari.



**H**ARI SAHNI's antecedents have been different. His family, though a vigorous, widespread one, is, in the view of Amrita's, distinctly so-so. Punjabi Hindus, at the time of Partition in 1947, they had to leave their native Lahore, which was incorporated into Pakistan, and fly to Delhi. They had, with the thousands like them, lost everything—however, they had started again. "They did not care how small or humble their beginnings, and they worked hard.... They were owners of small workshops, car-brokers, small-time contractors, insurance salesmen, never really prospering, never really poor, always just managing to keep themselves within the middle classes."

Meritorious folk. But Amrita's grandfather has something when he says to the girl, "The discrepancy between the two families, the young man's and yours, is too wide. I have also," grandfather goes on, "spoken to the young man himself, and I may mention that I was not impressed either by his personality or his capabilities." Neither, as the tale goes on, is the reader. In Hari, Miss Jhabvala has given us a most engaging, ingenuous, figure of comedy who is not, alas, either ardent or stable. Flattered

by the well-born Amrita's love, Hari is also scared by her upright character. A series of embarrassments result, and, trying though these are for the young pair, they are entertaining.

This novel's realism as to the class-problem is of a kind rare these days, and salutary. Heartbreak, I am happy to tell you, does not ensue. *To Whom She Will* is at once funny and wise: good writing, very absorbing reading. And, as a social picture of India now, it cannot but be of the first interest.

★ ★ ★

**S**CIENCE fiction looms larger in the United States than it does here. To some of us it may be an untried experience. *ANGELS AND SPACESHIPS*, by Frederic Brown (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), offers us an approach at a high level: this is a collection of brilliant stories.

H. G. Wells and Jules Verne, of course, led the way. Since their day, many "impossibles" have become ordinary. How much further, to-day, can this type of fiction stretch without entering realms of sheer, utter fantasy? In his Introduction, the author offers a definition—which, he tells us, he feels to be owing.

This collection [he says] contains both fantasy and science fiction. . . . In its broadest definition as imaginative literature fantasy, of course, includes science fiction. But *pure fantasy* is a form that can be defined in contradistinction to science fiction. . . .

Fantasy deals with things that are not and cannot be.

Science fiction deals with things that can be, that someday may be: Science fiction confines itself to possibilities within the realm of logic.

"Placet Is a Crazy Place" is not only one of the finest of these stories but is, I take it, exemplary science fiction; so would be that agreeable tale, "The Waveries." "Etaoin Shrdlu"—the appalling career of a linotype machine which develops personality—"Armageddon" (victor, a small boy with a water-pistol), nightmarish "The Hat Trick," and that other masterpiece, "The Angelic Angleworm," represent fantasy—surely, surely? The nice thing about all Mr. Brown's writing is that, though it plays the devil with the dimensions, it shows humanity unaltered. "Space-men" apparently get bored, as bored as any of us. I had often wondered.

★ ★ ★

**W**ALLED CITY, by Mary Dunstan (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is a novel set in Malta. The story enters fastnesses closed to ordinary eyes: the dusky palace, within Mdina, where dwells a cloistered lady of ancient family. Baroness Isabel Ferrat, struck at by a tragedy in her young girlhood, has altogether retired from the world—she lives with her books, the past, and historic memories of the Island's glory, in which her ancestors played part.

Her seclusion, however, is broken into. Enter one Ollie Ladock, a cheery ne'er-do-well; who, having certain Ferrat papers in his possession, hopes to pull a confidence trick. He is out of money. Between the clear-eyed lady and the ingenuous tough, a curious relationship springs up: Miss Dunstan pictures it excellently. *Walled City* has an originality, a flavour rare in the ordinary run of novels. And the Maltese background and atmosphere are attractive.



**SYMBOLIC FIGURE OF "TRUTH,"** in marble and bronze, decorating the tomb of Pope Alexander VII. in St. Peter's, Rome. It is one of 220 plates and illustrations in Professor Wittkower's *The Sculptures of Gian Lorenzo Bernini*, published this month by the Phaidon Press (50s.). Bernini was among the greatest artists of the seventeenth century, and this is the first comprehensive study of his work and life. It is an indispensable guide to connoisseurs and students of the baroque



Brian Kirley

AUTUMN FURS

CALL FOR—

ART IN SIMPLICITY

*Left : An ocelot coat from the National Fur Company. This perfectly plain coat relies for its effect on the natural beauty of the skins. The hat, beige velour with an inset band of black, is a Svend model and comes from Renee Pavé*

572 The TATLER and Bystander, SEPTEMBER 21, 1955

*Below : Casually elegant, Bradley's wonderful white mink jacket, in swinging out from a collarless neckline to a very wide hem, accentuates the narrow line of the dress below*



THE long, slim look has also affected our fur fashions this autumn. Here are two models which show the effect to be aimed at by day and in the evening. When dealing with first-class furs, plainness and simplicity of design become more than ever important



## FORESHADOWING TOP-COAT DAYS

**I**PHOTOGRAPHED at London Air Terminal, these models, from six of our leading wholesalers show some of the trends to look for in our new coats this coming winter. The hats are by Dorothy Carlton. On this page we show two aspects of Koupy's very beautiful pale beige wool coat which is trimmed with a collar of ocelot. It is sold by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

By MARIEL DEANS





Matita's parma-violet three-piece, made in two weights of bouclé tweed, has a backward slanting line to the long straight coat. The jacket of the suit above has tulip-shaped pockets. It is sold by Harrods

Straight from Paris comes the line of this up-in-the-front down-at-the-back beige wool coat by Hershelle. It is stocked by Fenwicks of Bond Street

Continuing—

TOP-COAT DAYS

## BEIGE WOOL AND VIOLET BOUCLÉ



HERE are more photographs taken at the Waterloo Air Terminal. In the one below a helicopter can be seen coming in to land. Suitable clothes for air travel are magnificently varied, as one traveller may be flying to Paris for a day's shopping whilst another is off for a stay of several years in the Far East. Women are planning their clothes with a thought of the temperature on arrival as well as on departure

—MARIEL DEANS



Armstrong Jones

Casual tweed coat and matching skirt in grey herring-bone tweed by Alexon. It is sold by Harrods

Harry Popper makes this waisted coat in a greenish heather-mixture Scotch tweed and trims it with a racoon collar. Elaine of Guildford sell it



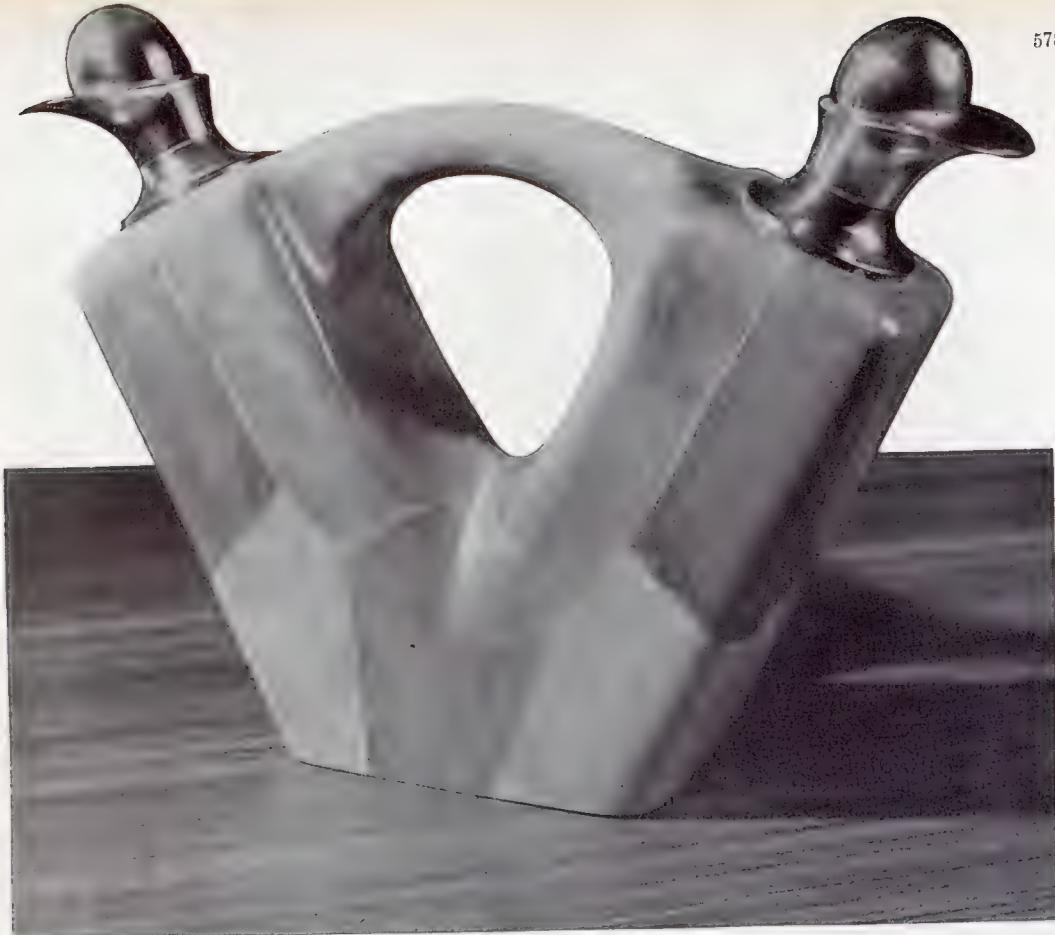
## Baltic blue—and the warmth of the Pacific

**T**HIS pretty knitted suit (writes Mariel Deans) is made of Baltic-blue wool bouclé. Very warm and light (and quite uncrushable) you can wear it now as it is and then, as the weather gets colder, add a blouse or sweater under the jacket. Priced at 11 gns. it is one of Pringle's new designs and comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, who also stock the other merchandise shown on these two pages. Above, Pringle's "Wye" sweater, made of pale blue lambswool, has dolman sleeves and a plain, rather wide, neckline. It costs 79s. 6d. On the right, a hat with a good clear line—Hugh Beresford's Town and Country model of beige felt with a grosgrain ribbon is priced at £4. 19s. 6d.

### CHOICE FOR THE WEEK





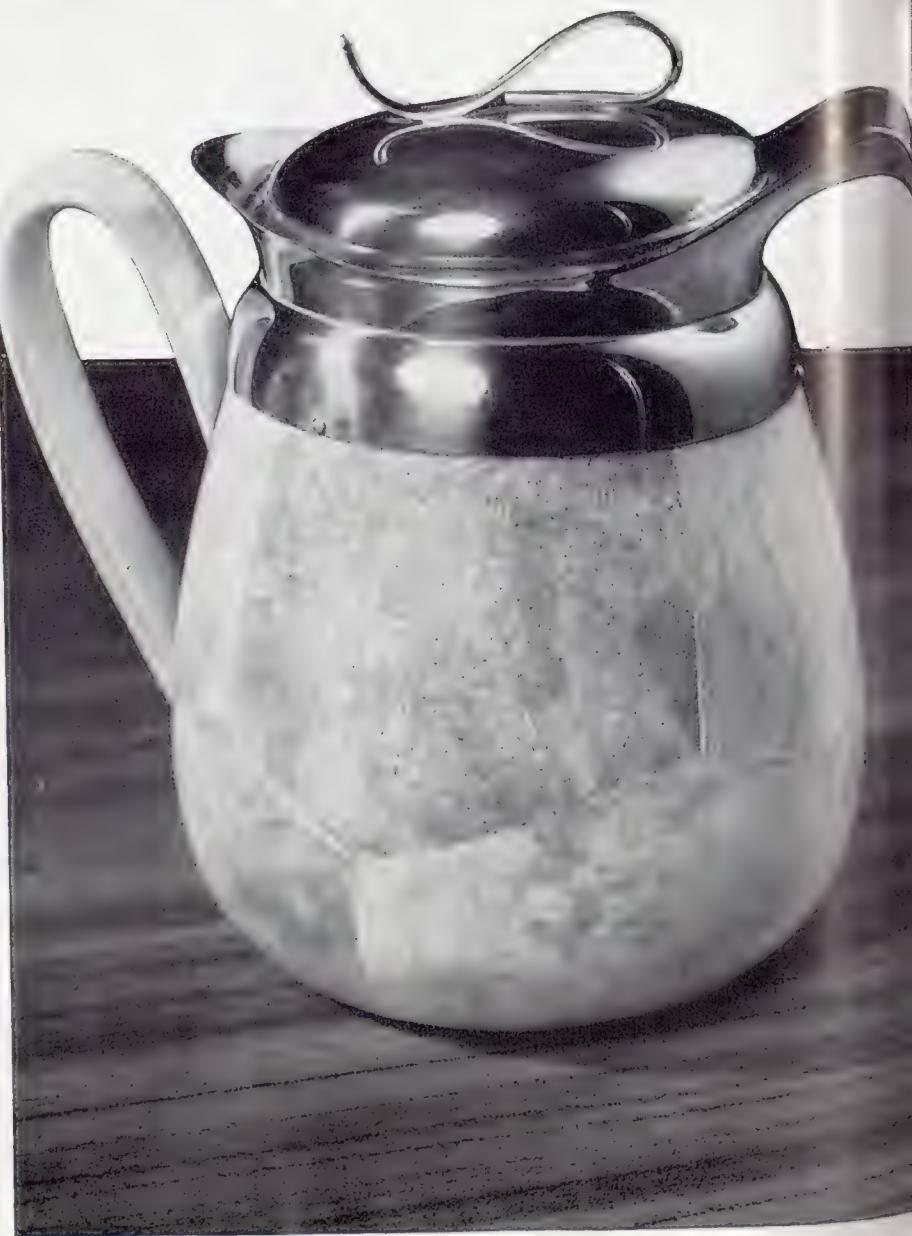


Something quite out of the ordinary is this double diagonal vacuum jug, the price of which is £12 10s.



Left: This half-litre vacuum jug of distinguished appearance and fine finish is sold at £8 12s. 6d.

Right: Another half-litre vacuum jug marked by ample lines and rich trim. This one costs £10 10s.



## Cocktail Elegance

FOR the up-to-the-minute cocktail party, these original and attractive shakers and jugs have just made their appearance in this country. They may all be obtained at Aspreys, New Bond St.

— JEAN CLELAND



Above: A new kind of wine cooler with "grape" handles, to take two bottles. Price £17 10s.

Below: This "Martini Good Mixer" has a silver plated bell base with which you may summon your guests. £6 12s. 6d.



Left: This parchment covered ice-pail with a silver-plated lining keeps your ice in perfect condition through out the party. It costs £14 15s.

Right: Another elegant parchment vacuum jug which would go well with the most modern furniture. This jug may be had for £18 10s.



Dennis Smith



Beauty

## “Sweet essences distill’d”

Jean Cleland

UCH are the vagaries of our fitful climate that by the time you read this it is possible that you will be cold, damp and seeking shelter from the rain.

Be that as it may, at the moment of writing the temperature is over 80 degrees, and likely—if the weather forecast is correct—to be even hotter. How to keep cool is the burning question, and it is with gratitude that we turn to the refreshment of sweet-scented baths, a rub down with eau-de-Cologne and a generous puffing all over with a delicately perfumed dusting powder.

A recent visit to Grasse—one of many—where the essential oils are extracted from fruits, flowers, leaves, wood, barks and roots, fills me, as always, with wonder at the mystery of this subtle art.

What is perfume? The word itself comes from the Latin *per fumo*, meaning “through smoke,” which takes us back to the perfumes of primitive man, when lovely aromas were released by the burning of certain woods and herbs. More precious ones, like frankincense and myrrh, were used by priests for religious ceremonies, but it was the Egyptians and Arabs who first studied the art of perfumery, and expressed it with a charming proverb “pleasant perfumes rejoice the heart.”

THE extent to which this art has progressed can be partly gauged by some very interesting information given to me by Mr. Valle, the chairman of Coty's. Whereas in the reign of Cleopatra only a hundred different products were available, nowadays the modern perfumer has more than 1,500 products at his command.

The materials come from all the four corners of the world, and to read their labels, as I did, during a recent tour round Coty's factory, is a romance in itself. They include jasmine, rose, orange from Grasse, attar of roses from Bulgaria, patchouli distilled from the dried leaves of a plant which grows in India, the Philippines, Sumatra and Malaya. Then pleasant aromatic gum resins such as benzoin and

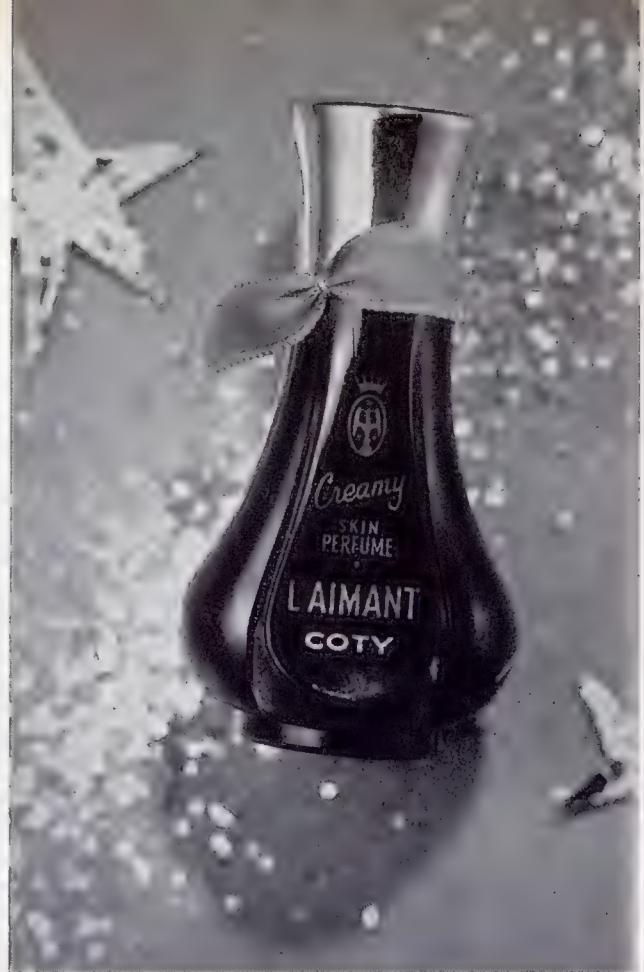
myrrh exuded from trees found in Greece, Siam, Java, Arabia and Abyssinia, vanilla beans which are the fruit of an orchid which grows in South America, and the fragrant Tonka beans which grow on trees in Venezuela and British Guiana.

IN addition to the sweet-smelling essential oils, there are many other ingredients which seem strangely at variance with the finished scent which comes to us from the well-known perfumers. There are the culinary oils such as nutmeg, black pepper and Oil of Tarragon, and lastly, the fixatives: ambergris from the whale, musk from the musk deer, civet from the civet cat, and castoreum from the common beaver. That some of these quite vile-smelling products should be employed in such a way as to produce the sweet magic of a beautiful perfume is one of the mysteries which shroud this intricate and delicate industry.

One question you no longer ask yourself after a visit to a scent factory is why is it so expensive. With little pods of musk costing eight guineas each, civet 69s. 6d. an ounce, a kilo of jasmine £450, a kilo of rose £425—to mention only a few of the hideously expensive ingredients—the answer is obvious. Add to this the fact that the scent, once made, takes two years to mature before it is considered ready for marketing, and you begin to realize just how precious a good perfume really is.

JUST as the number of ingredients used in the making of scent have increased during the years, so have the many ways in which it can be used. No longer is the dab behind the ears and the drop on the handkerchief the beginning and end of this subtle affair. Perfumes now come to us in many guises that, used with taste and discretion, create an all-pervading fragrance.

There are the lovely essences to go into the bath, the toilet waters for use after the bath; the dusting powders, the delicately perfumed deodorants and the infinite variety of Colognes. These may be in the form of straight



Dennis Smith

Coty's new “Creamy Skin Perfume,” which costs 12s. 6d.

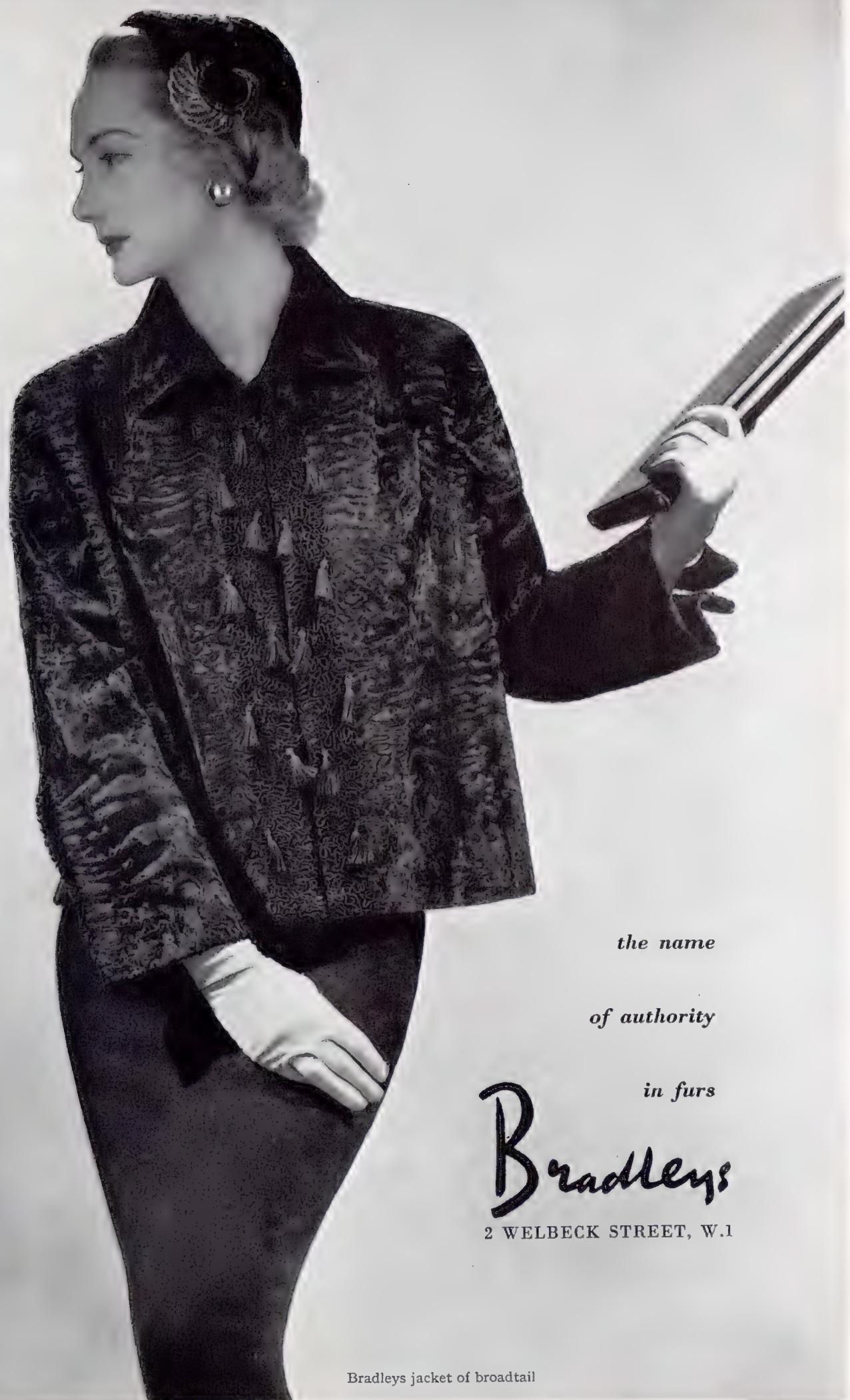
toilet Colognes, wonderfully refreshing for the body, the hands and the feet, or scented Colognes to match up with one's favourite perfume. There are also the frozen or crystallized Colognes, which, made to carry in the handbag, are so refreshing on a hot day.

For those with dry skins there are softly perfumed bath oils and sweet-smelling bland types of soap that soothe and sweeten at the same time.

FOR the hair there are scented brilliantines, and for the final touch scented lacquers, which, sprayed over the head, serve not only to keep the hair in place, but give it a delicate fragrance as well.

The very newest development in the art of fragrance is a “Creamy Skin Perfume” created by Coty. In this the scent is captured and held in a creamy base that spreads softly on to the skin like a satiny lotion. As the perfume contacts the skin, it gives a lovely silky finish, and becomes actually intensified as it is worn.





*the name  
of authority  
in furs*

**Bradleys**

2 WELBECK STREET, W.1

Bradleys jacket of broadtail

TONDI ADAMS, who runs both the Rex Whistler Room at the Tate Gallery and the Café Boulevard in Mayfair, has now taken over the New Watergate Theatre Restaurant. Her latest innovation is the revival of late-night bacon and eggs, an inclusive price being charged from 10 p.m. for a four course meal with wine included



David Sim

## DINING OUT

### In praise of raw materials

ON my recent expedition to dredge for oysters at Whitstable I met members of many distinguished firms who supply the raw materials to some of London's most exclusive hotels and restaurants. It occurs to me that it is hardly fair to be continually writing about places, small and large, expensive and otherwise, that deserve praise for the excellence of their cuisine, their service, and the general amenities they provide, without from time to time giving credit to the butchers, bakers and candlestick makers who because they have "the quality" are patronized by those hoteliers and *maître chefs* for whom the very best is only just sufficient. The quality of their cuisine, no matter who the chef may be, must, in the long run, be based on the quality of the raw materials they use.

Leaving the butchers and the bakers until later, let us start with Minear and Munday, who for so long have illuminated the gloom of the entrance to Victoria Station with their brightly lit shop containing clusters of magnificent hothouse muscatel grapes, hothouse peaches, strawberries of such colour, quality and similarity of shape, that one hardly believes them to be real, available (at a price) almost all the year round, and a full range of fruits and vegetables, exotic and otherwise, home-grown and Continental, but always of quality.

This firm has a story. Two Australians came over and joined up in World War One. They liked the English way of life and decided to stay put, so Privates Minear and Munday started in the fruit business and prospered.

As time went on they brought a nephew over from Australia, aged fifteen, who survived a shipwreck *en route*, and was one of the first Australians to join up in the last uproar. He is now Lt.-Col. Denton Winchester from Adelaide, who directs the firm which has supplied for many years fruit and vegetables to some of London's most exclusive establishments.

HAVING given praise to some raw (and ripe) materials, let us praise some well prepared ones coupled with the name of St. Paul, who once gave some very good advice in his Epistle to Timothy, Chapter 5, Verse 23, when he said: "Drink no longer water but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

Dr. Guy Daynes, President of the Sussex Branch of the Wine and Food Society, seems to have taken this to heart in a big way. He made stupendous efforts for the benefit of our stomachs and certainly cured any infirmities from which we may have been suffering when we arrived for a dinner that he had organized at the White Hart Hotel at Lewes.

This is a fine old county hotel where it is reported that "one Thomas Verroll, master of the White Hart in 1790, wrote a book called *The Complete System Of Cookery* which was one of the finest and best books on the subject and far in advance of its time."

The manager, Dennis Beattie, showed me a bill he had unearthed made out to the manager of the White Hart in 1911, who, by a coincidence, bore the same name but spelt it "Beatty": "Supplied by Messrs. Ross and Cameron, Lochgorm Bonded Warehouse, Inverness. To 31 gallons of Whisky at 8s. 6d. per gallon — total £13 3s. 6d." Work out the price per bottle for yourself. It is clear that mankind is progressing with rapidity in the wrong direction.

NOTHING, however, was wrong with the direction which Dr. Daynes took to carry out St. Paul's instructions. Here is the menu he provided, which was a great success:

Batard Montrachet 1949

La Marche 1947

Chambolle Musigny 1940 (Magnums)

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Ducasse Fine Champagne

La Terrine de Maison

La Truite Saumonnée

Montrachet

Le Tournebos Garni

Le Coq au Vin de Bourgogne

Pommes Persillées

Haricot vert Sauté au Beurre

Brie

Le Melon Surprise

Café

— I. Bickerstaff

## DINING IN

### The first French lesson

ACH time I leave the shores of this country to spend a holiday on the Continent, I am impressed afresh with the same things, one of which is how much the Continental cook makes of eggs as a main course at luncheon and dinner, and how little we do. This I attribute to the fact that eggs and bacon are our traditional breakfast or are, at least, so linked up with breakfast in our minds that even if we ourselves do not eat them first thing in the morning, we seldom think of serving them at any other meal.

In France, eggs in many guises repeatedly crop up as a second course at luncheon or dinner and we, on holiday, enjoy them then. It seems to me, however, that, on our return, we neglect to use them in other than the "normal" —that is, breakfast—ways. It might be, too, that we do not have little individual ramekins or, what seem so popular on the Continent, tiny, stubby handled casseroles or individual soufflé dishes. These last are ideal. For one thing, they can be stacked, one on the other, thus doing away with the problem of storing them in small space. Then again, they can be used for many individual servings, other than soufflés and egg dishes.

HERE I have been holidaying at Villefranche on the Mediterranean (one of the loveliest places on the Côte d'Azur) we have enjoyed some very pleasant egg dishes, and here are a few simple ones to serve in individual soufflé dishes or ramekins or cocottes.

*Oeufs Jeannette* are ideal when you have had a chicken, because you then have two of the main ingredients—not, otherwise, easy to come by—the liver and the stock from the giblets and bones. The French, I think, "have it on us" in the making use of titbits such as chicken livers. We are likely to fry them with bacon for breakfast—and very good they are—but we deprive ourselves of the opportunity of presenting them pleasingly at other meals.

For 4 servings, you require 4 to 8 eggs, 2 oz. very thinly sliced small mushrooms, a good-sized chicken liver cut into 8 pieces and, if you like, a thinly sliced small piece of calf's kidney. First, prepare a teacup of light brown sauce, preferably made with chicken stock. While poaching one or two eggs for each serving, gently sauté in butter the prepared mushrooms, chicken liver and calf's kidney, if available, in the shortest possible time and combine them with the sauce. Place the under-cooked eggs in the warmed buttered soufflé dishes and cover them with the sauce mélange. As the eggs and sauce mixture are not over-cooked, this dish may wait for a few minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if you like, and serve.

AN American lady with whom I discussed food here, in the Hotel Provençal, gave me a recipe I have long wanted—Eggs Washington. It is simply poached eggs with creamed corn (canned) thickened with a little Bechamel sauce, well seasoned and sharpened with a few grains of Cayenne pepper, with, finally, a tablespoon of thick cream (for 4 eggs) folded into it.

Place the poached eggs in the individual dishes, cover them with the hot creamed corn and they are ready to serve. A sprinkling of paprika on top gives slightly more gay aspect to the dishes.

Another egg dish which the chef serves here is *Oeufs Brouillés Portugaise*. Scramble the eggs as the French do: Allow 2 eggs for each little dish. Beat them together very lightly, with pepper and salt to taste. Turn them into a little melted butter in a small saucepan and stir them slowly over a low heat, never allowing any firm spot to develop. Pour them into the just warmed dishes and arrange a circle of chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes on top. The tomatoes, needless to say, must be gently sautéed in butter before the eggs are scrambled.

Another version of scrambled eggs is worth serving on special occasions. Scramble the eggs as above. Have ready, warming in a small pan, a small carton of potted shrimps. Into them, stir a tablespoon or two of thick cream. Bring to the boil, at once stir into the scrambled eggs, then turn into the individual dishes and serve.

— Helen Burke



Ivon de Wynter

CESSARE MAGGI, Maître d'hôtel at the Hyde Park Hotel since 1947, was born in London of Italian parents, themselves in the restaurant business. He has also worked at the Hotel Du Palais in Biarritz, and in several of London's other leading hotels. During World War Two he served in the British Army

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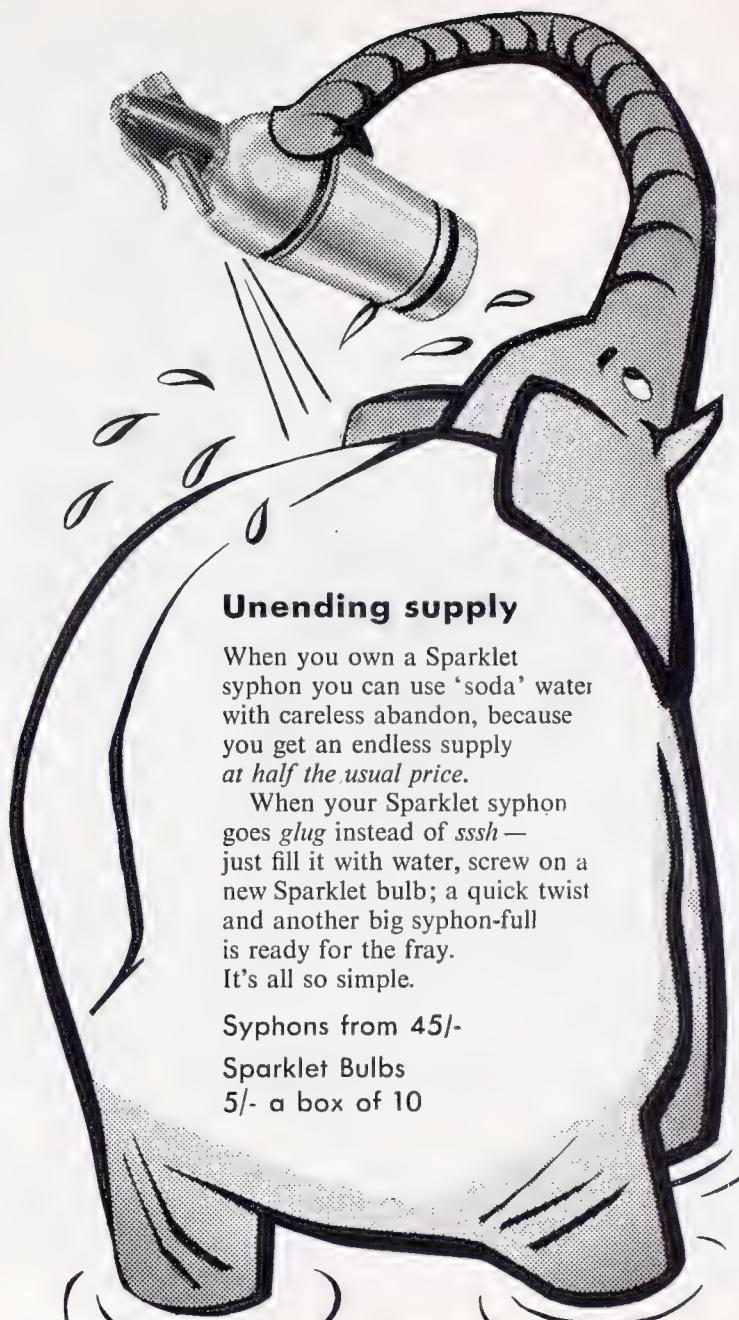
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THE RACE-BRED LINES of the Aston Martin are apparent in this "civilian" model, the drophead coupé, photographed in the Home Park meadows below Windsor Castle

### Motoring

## TWO CRYING NEEDS

THE approach of the Motor Show is clearly indicated for me by the rapidly rising pile of documents on my desk. They all say what motor-cars and accessories are to be displayed at Earls Court and, at this stage, I study them with painstaking thoroughness. I systematize my processes of assimilation and classification. How I wish it went on like that until opening day. Unfortunately there comes a point where the rate at which I receive documents exceeds that of my methods of treating them. Additional tables are used; the papers are put on cupboard tops. When they spread on to the floor I recognize defeat.

The only practical process is to select arbitrarily those motor-cars and accessories which seem to be of importance and to concentrate upon them in these pages. I know it is an unfair process. I realize that worthy and important exhibits are left unmentioned. But it is the only way. I make these excuses early this year because there will be many new and interesting models from British factories. In fact the Continent may be left behind by our own makers in the matter of novelties.

So far as criticism goes, I shall fulfil the promise I made here some time ago and look everywhere for motor-cars which have two features: a means of accurately obtaining the engine oil level without using a dipstick; and a handbrake which can be reached without leaning forward, then pulled hard on, on a steep hill, and released without effort.

If a new car offers these two features, I shall be ready to forgive it for not having automatic transmission, power steering or independent suspension all round. At the same time I hope that we shall see more British cars with independent suspension at the rear. I have been driving a Continental model which has such suspension for over a year, and I would not willingly go back to a through axle.

TYRE wear is highly variable from car to car and from driver to driver. But whatever the car and whatever the driver, the wheel change-over process stretches the mileage. Few front suspension systems give absolutely even wear and the very fact of driving on one side of a cambered carriageway imposes uneven wear on the treads. So changing over—the usually recommended interval is 2,000 miles—is desirable.

Some of the tyre companies, however, try to inflict an even more severe discipline upon us. They say that we ought, if we wish to obtain the highest possible mileage from our tyres, not only to check the pressures frequently, not only to change over the wheels but also to change the covers themselves from wheel to wheel. I believe it is true that, if all these things are done and if the driver adjusts his methods for maximum mileage, a modern cover will achieve remarkable results.

Most people prefer to let the tyres look after themselves and to stand the cost of replacements at shorter intervals than necessary. When these replacements are made it is an advantage if they can be timed to fit the seasons, so that the new tyres go on as the roads tend to become slippery and as the expectation of ice and snow increases.

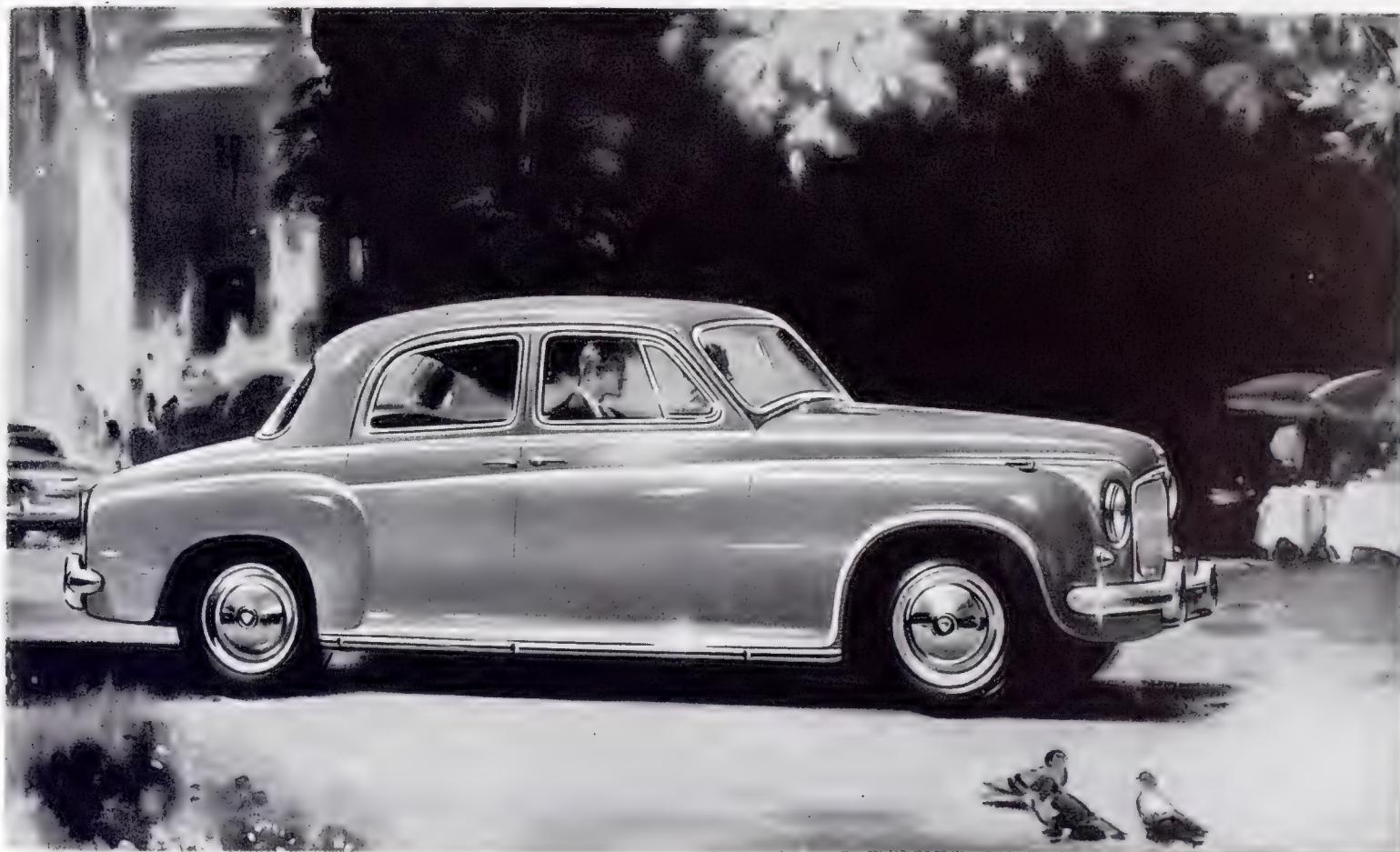
A CORRESPONDENT sends me some photographs of a sliding door for motor-cars that he has invented. The advantages claimed are greater safety by the elimination of the door-opening accident—which is surprisingly frequent—and reduced parking space. The sliding door enables cars to be parked a good deal closer together without preventing the doors from being opened. It also prevents the panel-bashing which occurs when cars are standing close alongside one another and a door is allowed to swing open and hit the neighbouring car.

An alternative to the sliding door is the upward opening door such as is fitted to the Mercédès. This met with criticism when it first appeared; but that may have been because it was unconventional. We are used to swinging, rotary and sliding doors; but not to upward opening ones. Yet this eliminates the door accident and helps close parking.

—Oliver Stewart

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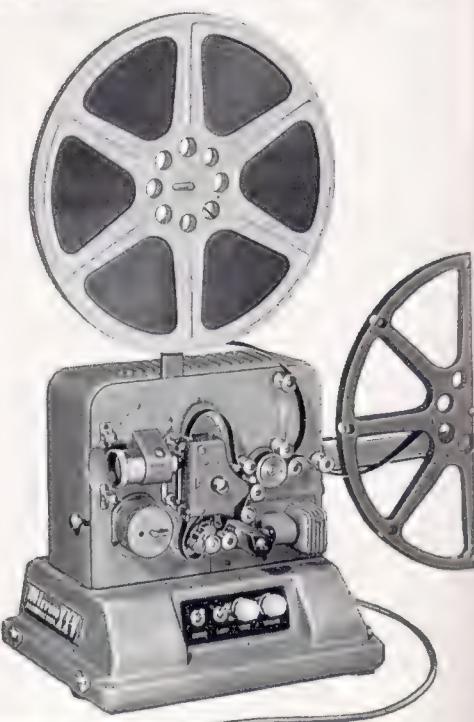
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**Troubridge—Billing-Lewis.** In St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Valletta, Malta, Mr. Edward St. Vincent Troubridge, Royal Marines, son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge and of Lady Troubridge, of Middle Oakshott, Hawkley, Hants, married Miss Jennifer Ann Billing-Lewis, daughter of the late Mr. E. Billing-Lewis and of Mrs. Crofton Cooper, of Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**Darlington—Ross-Watt.** Mr. T. R. Darlington, son of Col. Sir Henry and Lady Darlington, of Milford-on-Sea, Hants, married at St. James's, Piccadilly, Miss L. A. Ross-Watt, daughter of Mrs. Ross-Watt, of Reigate, Surrey, and of the late Mr. G. H. Ross-Watt

**St. Cyres—Alvarez-Builla Y Urquijo.** Viscount St. Cyres, son of the Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh, and Senorita M. L. (Mima) Alvarez-Builla y Urquijo, daughter of the late Don Alvarez-Builla y Alvera and of Viscountess Exmouth, of Exeter, married at Buckfast Abbey



**Moncreiff—MacDonald.** The Hon. Donald Graham Fitz-Herbert Moncreiff, son of the late Lord Moncreiff, and of Vida Lady Moncreiff, of Edinburgh, was married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to Miss Sheila MacDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mac Donald, of Devonshaw House, Dollar



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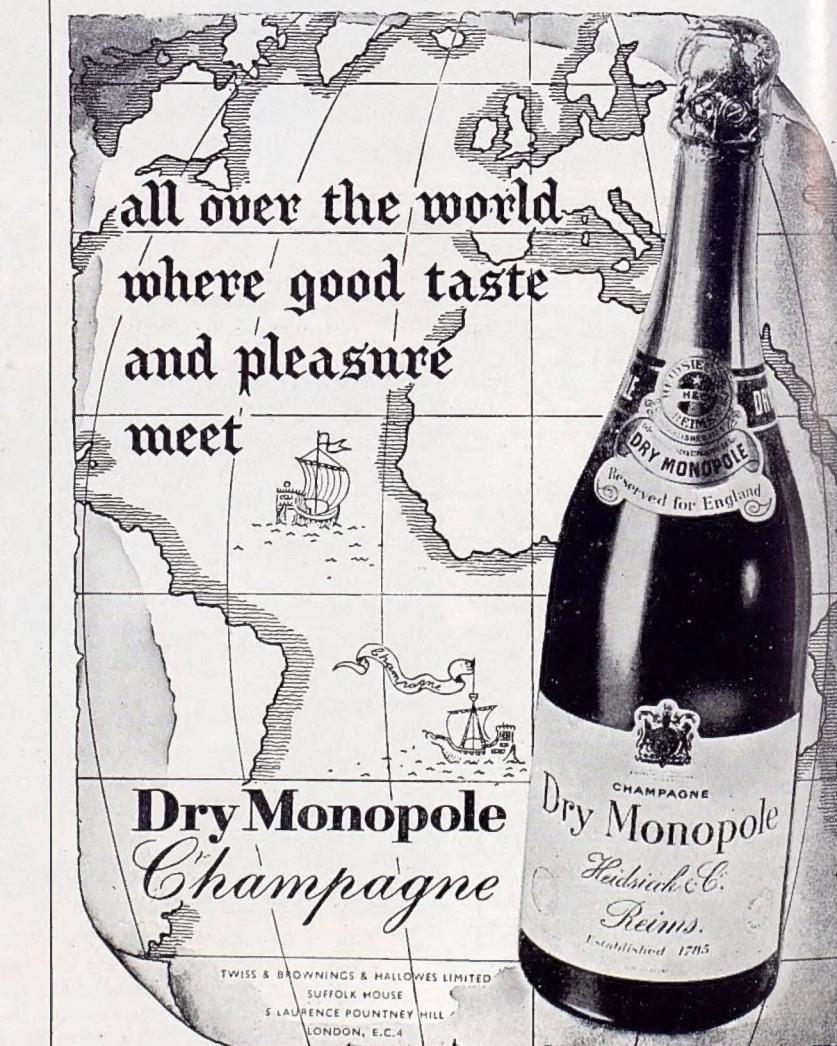
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